YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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By the men . . for the men in the service

SUBSTITUTE

Evidently somebody shot the bugler at this post in Hawaii, so Rumboogie, the mascot, is taking over the job of waking Cpl. William Geiger of New Orleans.

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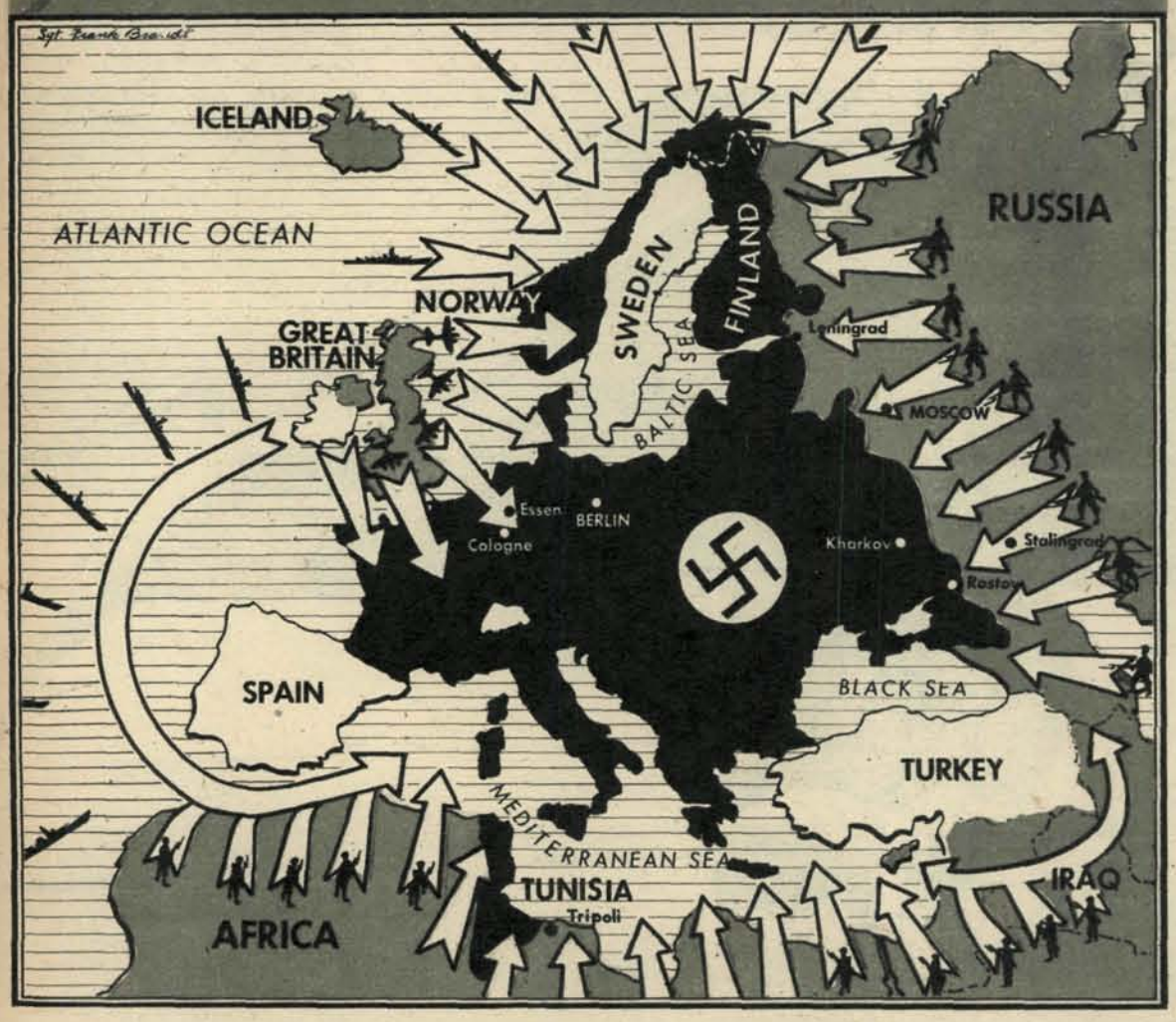
Ring of Steel Threatens Axis



Nazi European fortress shakes as Allies attack on all fronts; Hitler's Balkan aids bicker.

GREATEST UNDERSTATEMENT of the week came from the British Air Ministry: "Mosquitos of the Bomber Command dropped bombs on Berlin at 11 A.M. today and returned safely."

Said Marshal Hermann (Fatso) Goering more than an hour later: "I shall not forget what the Royal Air Force has done to Germany."

It was a momentous occasion. Germany was celebrating the 10th anniversary of the Nazis' rise to power. Hitler's fat right-hand man was delivering the address. Just as he was about to try and explain away Germany's reverses, over came the RAF in its first full daylight raid of the war and bombed the stuffing out of Berlin.

Goering and other high Nazi officials ducked into the cellar and waited for over an hour until the shooting was over.

The raid, delivered at a time when presumedly Berlin's antiair defenses were at full strength, was a complete success. All RAF planes returned safely.

The incident is funny—but it's more than a laugh. It typifies the big war news of the week, that the Allies are writing their own ticket.

The Allies Have the Ball Now

President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill fired the gun with their history-making meeting at Casablanca.

That the conference was attended by the highest military figures of the British and American forces is significant. At the last meeting of the two United Nations leaders no specific announcements were made. But four months later, troops landed in North Africa.

Take a look at this ring of steel that's being forged around Hitler in Europe. It isn't anything to get bullish about. It doesn't mean that the great battles of the war have been fought or that the Axis is going to be smashed the day after tomorrow. But it does mean that initiative has been taken away from the enemy. Here's the way it shapes up. That 60 to 70 per cent of the main German Army has been defeated on the Russian front is no secret.

Between Leningrad and the Caucasus the Germans have lost millions of men and untold quantities of equipment and material, without gaining any of their objectives.

Russia's Next Move—By the Left Flank

Now that the siege of Leningrad is lifted, the German left flank is greatly endangered. It is probable that Leningrad will become the base for a Russian offensive to push the Germans back along the southern shore of the Gulf of Finland.

There are two main German strongholds in this area, Novgorod and Staraya Russa. If these fall, the Germans would lose control of the Gulf of Finland. This might enable the Russian Baltic fleet to cut Germany's sea communications with Finland.

The small German Navy could not maintain superiority in the Baltic and hold the large force on the coast of Norway which now harasses British and American shipping. An invasion of Finland would also be possible.

You can also see how we are getting stronger by looking at England's position. No longer is she fighting a lone defensive warfare. She is now the advance post in the North Atlantic area of a mighty United Nations alliance.

The encirclement that Germany once built up against Great Britain through its capture of the Atlantic coastline from Norway to Spain is no longer effective. It is now a long line that Germany must defend.

Since the Spring of 1942, the Royal Air Force has been stronger than Goering's Luftwaffe in Western Europe. Between May and August, 1942, the attacks on Cologne and Essen were the greatest mass air attacks in military history. Recent raids have hit Berlin, causing terrific damage.

The submarine is the most effective weapon with which the Third Reich has retaliated. It is a serious menace, sinking about 1,000,000 tons a month of United Nations shipping in 1942. But ship-building figures show that the U. S. alone constructed more than the total amount sunk. Raids on the submarine bases at Brest, Lorient and St. Nazaire on the coast of France have been redoubled by the RAF.

Intensified plans to fight the submarine in the Caribbean and South Atlantic were completed by President Roosevelt and President Vargas of Brazil in a meeting aboard a destroyer near Rio de Janeiro.

Defense against the submarine has also been stepped up with the employment of special vessels, destroyers, submarine chasers, corvettes, aviation and improved technical apparatus for locating and sinking submarines.

Germany Can't Keep 'Em Rolling

Greatest weakness in the German set-up is transportation. Evidence of this is shown in the order of steel priorities. It used to read: 1) submarines, 2) antiaircraft guns, 3) tanks, 4) locomotives. Now locomotive construction has been shoved up second only to submarines. Present production schedule is 6,000 locomotives and 112,000 freight cars for 1943, but even this figure is far short of the Reich's needs to carry out its military program.

In their raids over Western Europe, Allied bomber planes concentrate on railroad equipment. Locomotives are their meat.

To supply channel defenses, Germany must drive locomotives to the coast within reach of British planes. German commitments require delivery of 60 trainloads of coal daily to Italy, and she must bring wheat and oil from Rumania 1500 miles away. Night and day bombing of the Ruhr and Rhine Valleys where 40 percent of all German rail traffic originates, plus the loss of thousands of locomotives and cars in Russia, is beginning to hurt.

In the south the Allied approach to the soft underside of the Axis continues. Obviously the job is to reopen the Mediterranean for a drive into Europe from the rear, and to clear the sea route that leads to the Indian Ocean, and to the oil fields of Iraq, Iran and the Caucasus.

Tripoli now has fallen before the 1,300 mile advance of Gen. Montgomery's British Eighth Army, destroying the last remnants of Italy's empire in Africa. Units of the Eighth Army crossed from Tripolitania into Tunisia.

Largest raids of the North African war were made by the 12th U. S. Air Force on Sfax, important Axis communication and supply point. Allies continued to pound Gabes, Sousse and other enemy ports, and artillery smashed at the southern end of the Mareth Line. American troops were reported only 33 miles south of Gabes.

Desperate attempt was being made by Gen. Rommel to combine his Afrika Korps with Col. Gen. von Arnim's 70,000 German-Italian troops in Tunis.

Iraq now has declared war on the Axis, and this is a long step forward in the Middle East. Spokesman for the Arab world, Iraq will have a great influence on the other Moslem nations, will facilitate Britain's task of guarding the rich oil deposits of that area.

Trouble from Within

Meanwhile, Germany is having new internal troubles. In Belgium and France laborers are refusing to enroll in German war industries. Compulsory recruiting has been ordered, which makes it tough for the German-controlled puppet governments.

In Hungary and Bulgaria, workers have been ordered home under the pretext that they were needed for agricultural work. Reports come through of strained relations between the German satellites, Hungary and Rumania.

In Yugoslavia, Nazi troops aided by five divisions of Croats, attacked Yugoslav Gen. Mikhailovitch and his forces.

Guys who are slugging it out with the enemy at far-away posts can have the satisfaction of knowing that what they're doing adds up plenty on the score of the whole ring of steel.

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ZEROS A

"His eyes stared wildly and he pawed the air with red stained hands."

By Sgt. DON HARRISON
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—"Zeros ample, ack-ack limited."

When ribbed for his austere-like report of an ensuing Flying Fortress attack on a Japanese naval convoy, Cpl. Dick Hemphill, first radio operator, a former printer from Greer, S. C., explained with a grin, "At the time I was kind of busy to do much sparkin' with headquarters."

In the last tottering days of the Buna-Gona butchering, Cpl. Hemphill and his nine mates took the lead in an attack on six Jap destroyers attempting to land reinforcements in New Guinea.

The weather was soupy, the ceiling low. Visibility at the best ranged to 7,000 feet. It was a poor day for bombers, an ideal day to expect Zeros. And the Nips lived up to expectations.

The "Red Moose" squadron spotted their targets 50 miles off Rabaul. Battle stations were readied, bomb bays opened; Hemphill's bombardier plotted the course, calculated his sights for the opening attack.

All Hell Broke Loose

"Zeros! Ten o'clock above." The power turret gunner's voice vibrated through the headsets, shattering the tenseness of the moment, yet adding to its intensity. The multiple guns of the upper turret sent a brief shudder through the ship. Then—the vibration ceased.

"My guns are jammed! They've knocked out my guns!" yelled gunner Bartlett as "Made in Japan" hail began rattling on the plane's exterior.

Kicking the rudder hard, the pilot dipped the right wing and brought the guns of the side well and ball turret within range of the oncoming attackers. The din of gun fire that followed could be heard above the throb of the four motors.

"Look at 'em come," exclaimed Texas-born Cpl. Roy Schooley, manning his side well guns.

Five at a time, 20 Zeros and two other unidentified aircraft kept up the relentless attack, droning like bees around a huge hive, their gunfire resembling blood-soaked stingers. And they did draw blood as more and more holes appeared like dry festering sores on the metal hide of the tormented flying monster.

Hemphill had just logged his message when Pvt. Jimmie Wilson dragged a trail of blood through the small door leading aft to the tail gunner's pit. His face was marred with pain. He tried to speak, but his voice was muffled by the racket. Instead of words only blood flowed past his lips

Turret Gunner Is Blinded

Leaping from the radio controls, Cpl. Hemphill broke open the first-aid kit and stripped the red stained shirt from Wilson's body. Two holes stared like sightless eyes from the wounded man's breast where two bullets had gone through his body, puncturing one lung. A third bullet lodged in his shoulder.

Having administered what medical aid he could, Hemphill sat with Wilson's head eased in his lap and wiped away the red foam oozing through the gunner's clenched teeth.

Suddenly, an almost unrecognizable head appeared coming up from the ball turret. It had to be Cpl. Swanson, although his face was so covered with blood that it appeared as a solid red blot. His eyes stared wildly and he pawed the air with red stained hands. Shattering glass from the gun turret had mutilated his face, robbed him of his sight.

"Dick, take care of Swanson," pleaded Wilson. "He's hurt bad."

Schooley, seeing Hemphill burdened with two casualties, dropped his guns to lend assistance.

As he bent over Wilson, the injured gunner shouted in his ear, "Get back to your station. We have only four guns working now."

Schooley returned to his guns—with a vengeance.

Still the Zeros attacked, getting more daring as they found resistance dwindling. As one came screaming down on the nose of the still defiant Fortress, the co-pilot voiced the warning, "Zero at 1 o'clock. Zero at 1 o'clock above. Get 'em, Ritenour."

The flight engineer yelled back into his mike, "Dammit, I can't. My guns are out. They're . . ." His voice went dead as round after round of slugs tore into the ship, shattering the observation bay and scattering glass all around the bombardier's compartment. One burst exploded two oxygen tanks between which Bill Ritenour sat frantically working to free his clogged machine guns. Another blast from the nearing Zero punctured a water canteen between his feet. A third severed the cord of his neck mike, silencing his prayers and curses.

As the Jap fighter pulled off, Ritenour thanked God he was still alive, wondered why he wasn't dead and hoped that he might still see Virginia again. But his hopes seemed futile. Tracer bullets had hit a box of ammunition and set it ablaze.

Crew Fights the Burning Box

"Head for the ceiling. We're on fire!" thundered the bombardier through his mike as he helped fight the blazing box that threatened to explode and blow men and ship to pieces.

The plane climbed steeply and entered a protective layer of clouds. The engineer and bombardier heaved the burning gun powder through the shattered bay of the pungent smoke-laden compartment. With a sickly grin Ritenour went back to work on his disabled guns, and the bombardier again plotted the run over the target. Neither showed outward signs of nervousness but both knew they were living on borrowed time. Both wondered just when the interest would fall due.

Following the bombardier's instructions the pilot again nosed his plane down through the clouds, and leveled off at 3,500 feet.

"Circle wide and come in at 6 o'clock."

The plane banked, leveled off, and approached the fantail of one of the scattering destroyers. No heed was paid to the bursting shrapnel that threatened men and machine.

Brakes or No Brakes he Landed Her

"Steady-y-y. Hold 'er. Bombs gone! Let's get movin' the hell out of here," shouted the bombardier. The pilot needed no further encouragement and he pulled the wheel into his middle, jazzed the motors and started aloft.

But before the huge plane could puncture the clouds overhead two Zeros roared in from behind and below, fish-tailing to get greater coverage as they sprayed the metal belly above them. It was their last bid for revenge for Tojo and the destroyer listing in a sea of its own burning oil.

"Hot lead whistled through our compartment like buckshot," related Cpl. Hemphill, "and reminded me of the time I got caught in a melon patch back home. One burst completely shattered the hydraulic system and hydraulic fluid temporarily blinded the navigator and bombardier. I was instructed to radio the 'drome and tell them to get the basket ready. We were limping home with four men injured, four control cables shot away, the left aileron damaged and the hydraulic system completely gone.

"Our pilot said he intended to land her on the crash runway, brakes or no brakes—and I prayed to heaven that if he couldn't have mechanical brakes at least give 'im a spiritual break.

"He got it and landed her intact right side up.

"As we staggered out of the plan the CO said something about Silver Stars. But frankly," drawled the 29-year-old Southerner, "I was too damn busy thankin' my lucky stars to worry much about wearin' one."

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Meet YANK's Old Man

The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

VOL. 1—NO. 8. FRANCE, FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1918. PRICE: 50 CENTIMES.

The staff wasn't subject to military discipline and neither was the paper. Second looeys were harassed so much they went around saluting sergeants.

By Cpl. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Writer

HERE'S A TRUE STORY that has everything—a soldier's dream.

This took place one night in 1918, long after the 10 o'clock curfew in the bawdy French port of Bordeaux. A tired American doughboy, without a stripe to his credit, sat on a park bench, harming no one. Up came an American shavetail, out to impress the French girl who hung on his arm as though it were the village pump.

"There's a 10 o'clock curfew in this port, soldier," said the second looey. "Here," he signalled to an MP who had suddenly appeared in that annoying way MPs have of being in the right place at the wrong time, "Lock this man up."

Before he knew it, and before he had a chance to say a word, the American private was up before a tough MP captain who seemed hell-bent on jailing him for the duration. In this emergency the doughboy finally found his voice.

"Sir," he said in his best military manner, "if the captain would look at my papers it might explain everything. Here they are, sir."

With that the American private pulled out a sheaf of official papers that would have choked an Army mule. They covered everything. There's no need to describe them all, but one for example was a travel order authorizing the American private to visit any point "between the eastern shores of the Atlantic Ocean and the Swiss border." Another provided that the soldier was "not subject to local military discipline" as long as he behaved himself.

"The owner of The Stars and Stripes," by Baldridge.

When he had finished reading the impressive bundle of GHQ orders, the flustered MP captain shouted to his sergeant: "Take this man out to the patrol wagon and drive him back to the park. And don't ever pick him up again or I'll break you."

YANK's Pappy

That was how it was to be one of the editors of the old STARS AND STRIPES, the breezy AEF newspaper of the first World War which was the father of YANK and of the present-day STARS AND STRIPES in Britain and North Africa. The old STARS AND STRIPES was probably the wackiest, liveliest, best loved and most successful newspaper ever published.

The paper was the shouting voice of the enlisted man, reasonably profane and reasonably irreverent. The staff put up a tough fight to keep it from smelling official. It kidded the pants off second lieutenants until a desperate shavetail complained:

I've reached the point where I walk down the regimental street and salute sergeant majors. I'm even bawled out by corporals. Why not put us into squads and put a corporal over us?
Lieut. A. L. Finch

"The statue—and the bust," by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather, BEF.

Copyright OK W. E. Johnson, Corporal

Started just a quarter century ago (Feb. 8, 1918) in Paris by a couple of privates and, of all people, a second lieutenant, THE STARS AND STRIPES in its 16-month career grew to a circulation of 526,000 copies, at 50 centimes (10 cents) a copy. Someone once described it as "the only activity of the armed forces of the U. S. which not only cost the docile taxpayers nothing but which actually turned back into the thunderstruck treasury of that government a profit of 3,500,000 francs (about $700,000)."

Ross, Winterich and Woollcott

The STARS AND STRIPES had a brilliant and erratic editorial staff, principal members of which were Pvt. Harold Ross, later to become founder and editorial whip of *The New Yorker* magazine; Pvt. John T. Winterich, who edited much of the copy and later published the *American Legion Magazine;* Sgt. Alexander Woollcott, who had a belly like a top kick even then and who was so nearsighted he couldn't wind on his wrap puttees; Pvt. Hudson Hawley, humorist and foreign correspondent; and two artists—Pvt. Albian A. (Wally) Wallgren, USMC, as famed for his Montmartre escapades as for his devastating cartoons, and Pvt. C. LeRoy Baldridge, whose distinguished drawings were usually made in the front-line trenches.

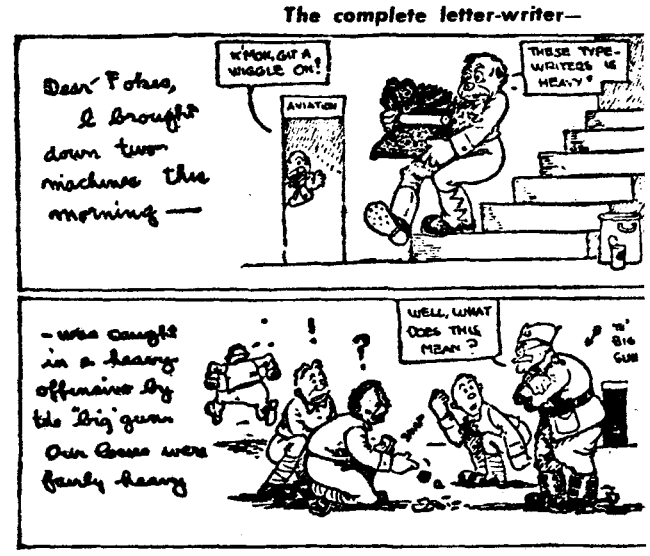
By twos and threes these staff members would drive to the front a few hours from Paris in a general staff Cadillac—No. 13, the same car in which Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker once chauffeured Gen. Pershing. Everyone thought Woollcott was brave for driving into areas exposed to shell fire; the dope is that he was so nearsighted he never saw the shells.

A Boche plane 150 feet overhead tried to machine-gun the Cadillac one day. The driver raced the car for the protection of an old stone mansion a mile down the road. When he reached it, Ross and Woollcott tumbled out and rushed inside, thumbing their noses at the plane.

It turned out the mansion had no roof. Fortunately a French gun crew brought the plane down just at that moment.

THE STARS AND STRIPES sent for Lt. Grantland Rice, now a noted sports columnist and radio commentator, to write sports. While he was waiting in the outer office to report, the editors

The complete letter-writer—



YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Copyright, 1943, in the U. S. A. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly.

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"The Yanks are coming!" From the drawing by Capt. Wallace Morgan.

held a meeting inside and decided to abolish the sports column because so many athletes were slackers. Rice was called in; he agreed. So his first and last duty as sports editor was to write a note explaining why the sports page had been abandoned.

After the Armistice the sports department made a big come-back, covering all the intramural sports of the Army of Occupation.

Stars (and Stripes) Out of the Sky

If the papers couldn't be delivered to soldiers in fox holes and trenches by land, they went by air. A platoon in the Argonne once protested that half its casualties had been caused through men being knocked unconscious by bundles of THE STARS AND STRIPES that fell from the sky. Another time Sgt. William Hale and Cpl. B. C. Warlick bounced a Ford truckload of papers out onto a mucky battlefield, where they were promptly captured by the Germans—Sgt. and Cpl. too.

The paper's first campaign was to devise a name for the AEF doughboys. The British and French often called them "Sammies" or—more horrible—"Glories." After several months the paper announced: "One nickname alone has withstood the shell fire of discussion. It is Yank—Yanks, representing North and South, East and West, anything wholly American. Yanks it is."

Best-received of all the paper's campaigns was its drive, suggested by Pvt. Ross, for American soldiers to adopt French war orphans. One of the early contributors, listed inconspicuously at his own request, was Gen. Pershing, who adopted two orphans. The original goal was a thousand, at 500 *francs* per child, but the AEF eventually found time and *francs* to adopt 3,444 orphans of French soldiers.

In its 71 issues THE STARS AND STRIPES had such beats as the first story of the Lost Battalion, the first printing of the soldier ballad "Justice" by Rudyard Kipling and of Joyce Kilmer's "The Woods Called Rouge-Bouquet."

Eighty per cent of the soldiers who had taken French leave at the news of the Armistice double-timed it back to their outfits when the paper reported that captured AWOLs were being put into labor battalions and would be the last to leave for the U. S.

Old soldiers still repeat THE STARS AND STRIPES tale of the party of doughboys who were leading a blindfolded German officer prisoner across a ponton bridge over the Meuse, subjected to fierce shell fire from both banks.

"Let's shove the son-of-a-bitch in the drink," argued the corporal. "Nobody'll ever know the difference. Then we can beat it for the shore."

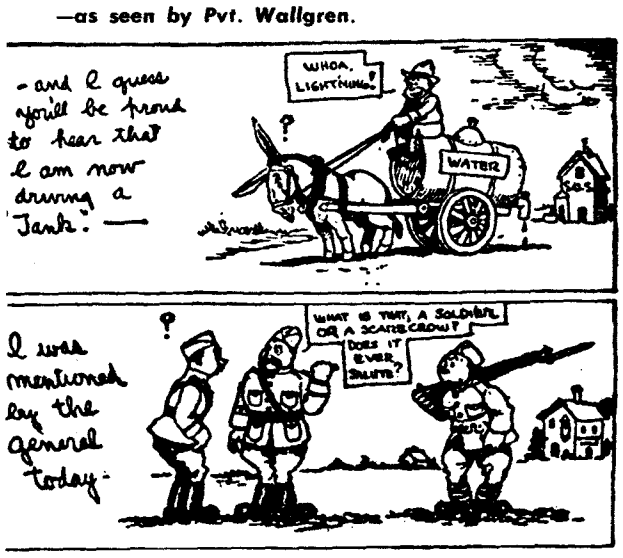
"No," replied the sergeant in charge of the detail. "It wouldn't be sportin', and besides the officers most likely want to third degree this guy so's to prod some information out of him."

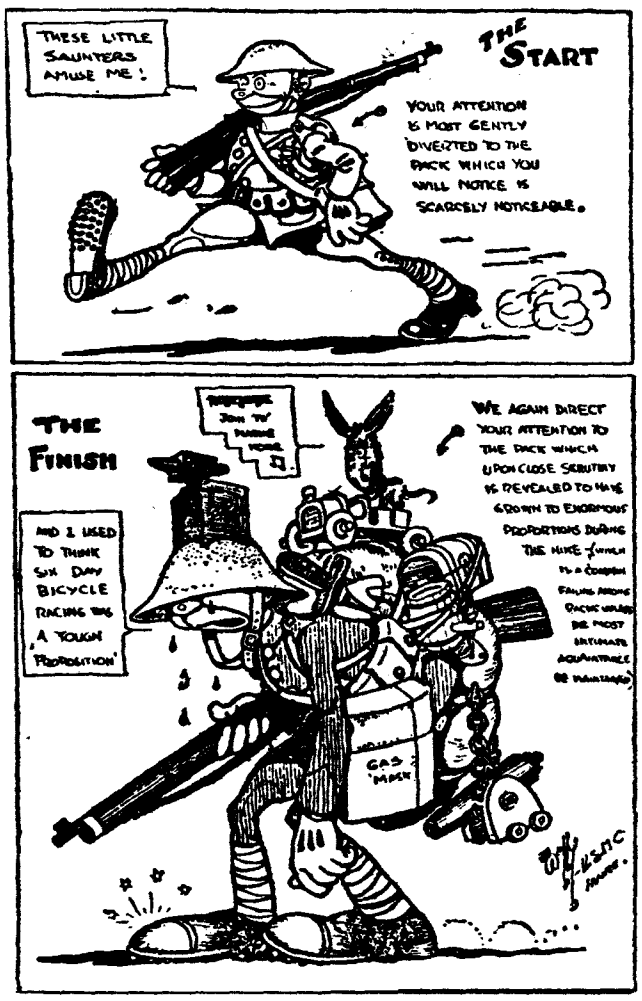
When the doughboys removed the prisoner's bandage, on the Yank-controlled shore, the German colonel adjusted his monocle and smiled.

"Thank you," he said in perfect English. "You have been very helpful."

If YANK should beat the world with an exclusive story that Hitler and Hirohito had killed each other in a pistol duel, there are still a lot of old soldiers who would say: "Yes YANK is a pretty good paper, but did you ever see the old STARS AND STRIPES?"

—as seen by Pvt. Wallgren.





"A cross-country event," by Wallgren.

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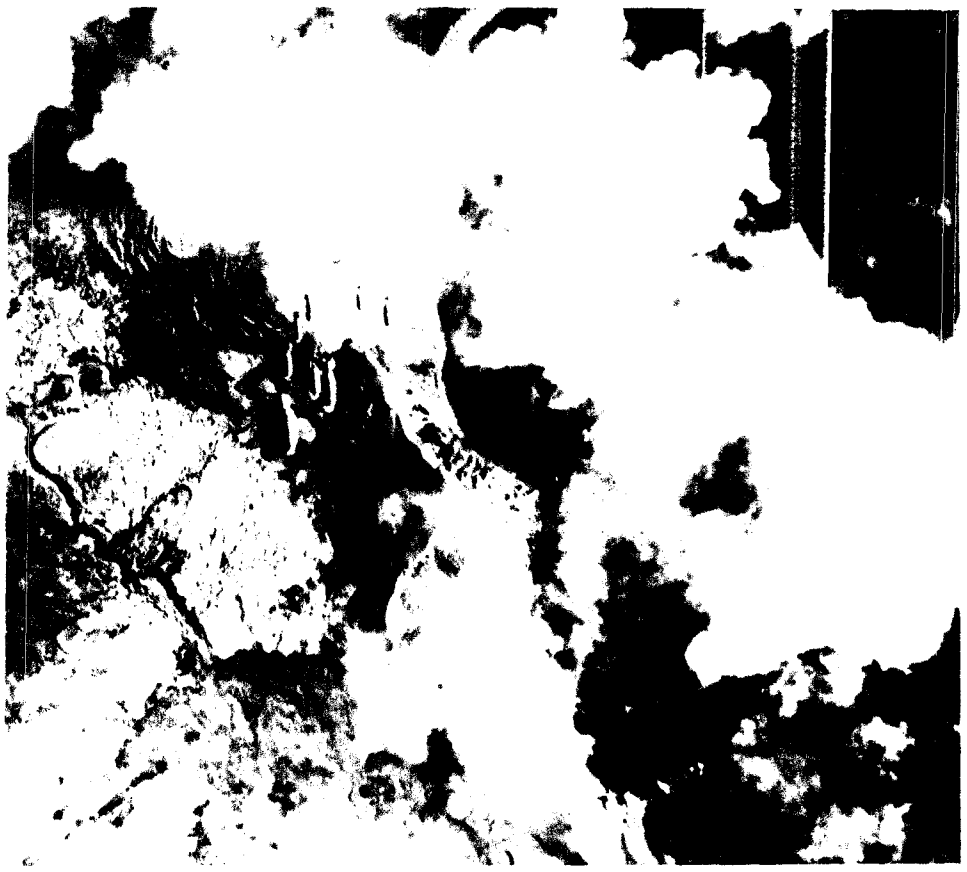


The fog over Kiska had lifted long enough so that the photographer could catch eight Army bombs on their way to blow up the Japs below.

In Africa the crew of a U. S. Army Bofors antiair gun is on the alert near Algiers to protect the landing of supplies from Axis air attack.

Home and Abroad

The First Allies to Enter Tripoli Were Taken There as Axis Prisoners

WITH THE BRITISH EIGHTH ARMY BEFORE TRIPOLI [By Cable]—The first Allied troops to enter Tripoli included Capt. W. G. Alexander of Durban, South Africa, Maj. V. W. Street, of England, and three Yank airmen, second lieutenants R. D. Burley, of Port Huron, Mich., E. S. Millikamp, Lake Wales, Fla., and D. M. Broyan, Kalispell, Mont.

For 16 days, before the fall of Tripoli, these men were held prisoners in the largest city of the Italian Empire in North Africa.

Capt. Alexander and Maj. Street, members of a South African surveying party, were the first to be captured by the Germans south of Buerat.

Out with a desert patrol gathering data for maps to be made of the newly occupied territory, they had passed numerous enemy patrols without incident.

Late in the afternoon, however, while heading their jeep across a wadi, a German armored car dashed out of the brush and overpowered them.

The prisoners were convoyed south to Wadi Zem Zem where they spent the night.

"They were highly amused at our map of Tripoli," Capt. Alexander said, "and made signs that we'd never have any use for it anyway."

There were Italians at Wadi Zem Zem, too, but they weren't interested in the Englishmen. They were only anxious for the war to end.

The next day the prisoners were taken to higher Nazi headquarters for questioning.

"We were questioned in fluent English by an ex-German consul of Cairo," Capt. Henderson related. "When he saw that we wouldn't talk, he didn't press us for information, but he did want to chat about Cairo.

"From here we were taken to Misurata where we were put in a prison staffed by Italians. They stripped us of everything that Jerry hadn't taken away from us.

"A little later we were taken to an old fort where I was put into a cell with a man they said was an RCAF pilot; but he was too inquisitive and his accent revealed that he was a Nazi plant.

"In the morning we were put on a lorry bound for Tripoli. Ten miles east of Tripoli we were put in another old fort, where we met the Yank airmen with whom we became very friendly."

The U. S. officers had been taken prisoner by the Nazis when their B-17, en route to Tunis from the U. S., was forced down after knocking two MEs out of the sky.

"The Yanks kept us laughing," Capt. Alexander continued, "which was what we needed, because all the food we got was a roll and thin rice soup in the morning, and a roll with meat soup at night.

"This, incidentally, was the food the Italians got, too.

"We told our Italian guards that the Allies would soon take Tripoli. They didn't like this. The Yanks, finding several Italians who were residents of America and had been caught in the Italian draft while visiting their homeland, talked to them about their relatives back in the States.

"About two weeks later we were all taken by lorry through Tripoli to the harbor. Many of the shops were shuttered up but business was continuing as usual. At the harbor we got on the ferry, but the ship that we were supposed to meet had gone before we got there.

"We could see the effect of Allied bombing on the harbor quite plainly; the mole was destroyed and the harbor works severely damaged. We were taken back to the fort for a few more days, and again brought back to the docks, this time to be ferried to a waiting Italian submarine.

"We were pretty downhearted making the crossing in this manner because we knew of the submarine hunt the British carried on constantly in the Mediterranean.

"As the sub loaded up with damaged aircraft weapons, we went aboard and waited for the Allied raid we knew would be coming soon.

"It came at 7:30 that night. Searchlights went on all over the place, and flak fired in all directions. In 10 minutes the sub finished loading and surfaced out of the harbor. We were with the crew in the forepart of the craft, and stood in water which leaked in through an improperly closed hatch.

"Later we submarined for an hour just to see if the mechanism worked. During this time our Italian guards felt pretty ill.

"The next afternoon, while surfacing, the sub suddenly received two violent shocks and the panicky crew bolted, leaving us below. We didn't know what had struck us but soon the center section was filled with chlorine gas.

"Two of the crew were sent down to investigate, and when they opened the hatch we pushed outside. That made 50 of us on the conning tower.

"We saw a British plane circling and dropping flares. It had crippled the sub with two depth charges and was indicating our position to the navy.

"The commander no longer had any control over the jabbering Italians, and he went below. We didn't see him again. Two British destroyers were circling and shelling us. The shells were piercing the sub and bursting inside. The crew jumped into the water.

"We were climbing down onto the lower deck taking off our clothes when a swell washed us overboard.

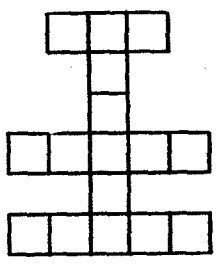
"As the destroyers came in closer they opened up with pompoms and 20-mms. The bullets splashed thick in the water and many of the swimmers disappeared.

"After we had been in the water for about an hour, the sub went down and the destroyers began picking up the survivors. They were very much surprised at finding British and Americans among the crew. They gave us tea and rum, and put us to bed."

In a few days after their miraculous rescue, the British were enroute to rejoin their units, and the U. S. airmen were sent on to Tunis.

—Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

TEE-TOTAL



LETTER VALUES

A	25	N	2
B	18	O	24
C	19	P	11
D	7	Q	6
E	26	R	5
F	10	S	3
G	9	T	1
H	4	U	22
I	23	V	17
J	14	W	12
K	16	X	15
L	20	Y	13
M	27	Z	8

Here's how to play Tee-Total: Each letter of the alphabet has been given a number value. You are to fill the diagram with words, using the highest value letters as often as possible. The object of the game is to see by how much you can beat the par score of 291 given in the diagram at the left. Your score is determined by adding together the separate values of all the 16 letters in your diagram. Send your score to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. All solutions to puzzles printed in domestic edition must be received within a month of day of publication of YANK. Puzzle Kits will be sent by YANK to the G.I.s who make the highest score in each contest. Highest score will be published with names of senders.

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Imagine This Guy's Surprise! His Buddy Turned Out To Be a Jap

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Woodrow Webb, 22-year-old marine from Wildwood, N. J., thinks this Solomon Island adventure is funny.

He decided to evacuate his machine-gun post in a hurry when a Jap mortar found the range. He and another guy, who rose up out of the inky jungle night, ran side by side and dropped simultaneously into a fox hole while the shells exploded around them. The young Gyrene was comforted by the presence of a buddy, but he was too breathless to say anything—which was very fortunate.

During a lull in the shelling, Webb's companion spoke—in Japanese! Webb nodded his head but didn't answer. Stealthily, he reached for a grenade, slipped the pin out and cautiously slid it under the Jap's pack.

"Then," Webb said, with a grin, "I got the hell out of there!"

—Sgt. ROBERT N. BLUM, USMCR

Strange Things in the Caribbean; Snakes Shun Ants; Daughters For Sale

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—A newly-arrived soldier in the Antilles Air Task Force, which sweeps in vast loop over the tropical bases of the Caribbean and South America, guarding this vital approach to the Western Hemisphere, finds new and strange languages, customs and people.

Like Cpl. John C. Duraccio, 26, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Cpl. Stanley Yedlicka, 23, of Universal, Pa., he may wake up and find himself in his free time smashing a forehand drive across one of the world's most expensive tennis courts, a court made of bauxite, more than 50 per cent aluminum.

He finds even the roads at his base made of bauxite which is so important in the construction of bombers and fighter ships. The nearby hills have so much of this ore that there is enough of it to be used as gravel while other thousands of tons are being exported to refineries at home.

Or like S/Sgt. David A. Halt, 23, of Negaunee, Mich., the soldier may find himself a weather forecaster at a huge base surrounded on one side by high mountains and on the other side by dense, snake-infested jungles. They killed a 23-foot Anaconda within 50 feet of a captain's quarters at Halt's airfield the other day.

These Anaconda snakes have strange habits. They've been known to crush full-grown cattle in their coils and then circle the area for three miles to make sure there are no army ants around. After this they return to their victim and swallow him in one gigantic mouthful.

The snake will lie for three or four days after such a meal. If it gets caught by a crawling mass of army ants, sometimes 20 feet in height, before the after-lunch siesta is over, it's just too bad. Both snake and victim disappear quickly, leaving two skeletons grotesquely entwined.

Or again, the new Antilles Air Task Force recruit may land in the same island base with Pvt. Robert H. Wyles, 20, of Lincoln, Ill. The surroundings Bob sees in his aircraft sheet metal working job down here are not much like his home in Logan County. Here, he's 30 miles from a strange metropolis of 20,000 people who speak 15 or maybe 20 different languages and represent that many nationalities and creeds.

The strange soldier from Georgia, Nebraska or Idaho sees some queer things in this town. He passes Hindu homes with flags flying from bamboo poles in the tiny front yards. A red pennant trimmed with white means that the family has a virgin daughter of marriageable age. The white signifies her chastity.

Sometimes the soldier may see the red pennant without the white fringe, and you can imagine what that means. Occasionally the red pennant minus the white fringe flies with a smaller red, white-trimmed flag underneath it. That means the family has a non-virgin girl of marriageable age with a daughter born out of wedlock. If the smaller flag is white, it means that she has an illegitimate baby boy.

An orange flag flying before one of these Hindu homes means that the head of the house is willing to swap a daughter or two for a son. A purplish colored pennant is practically an SOS. It means that the old man wants to get rid of some of his daughters for cold, hard cash.

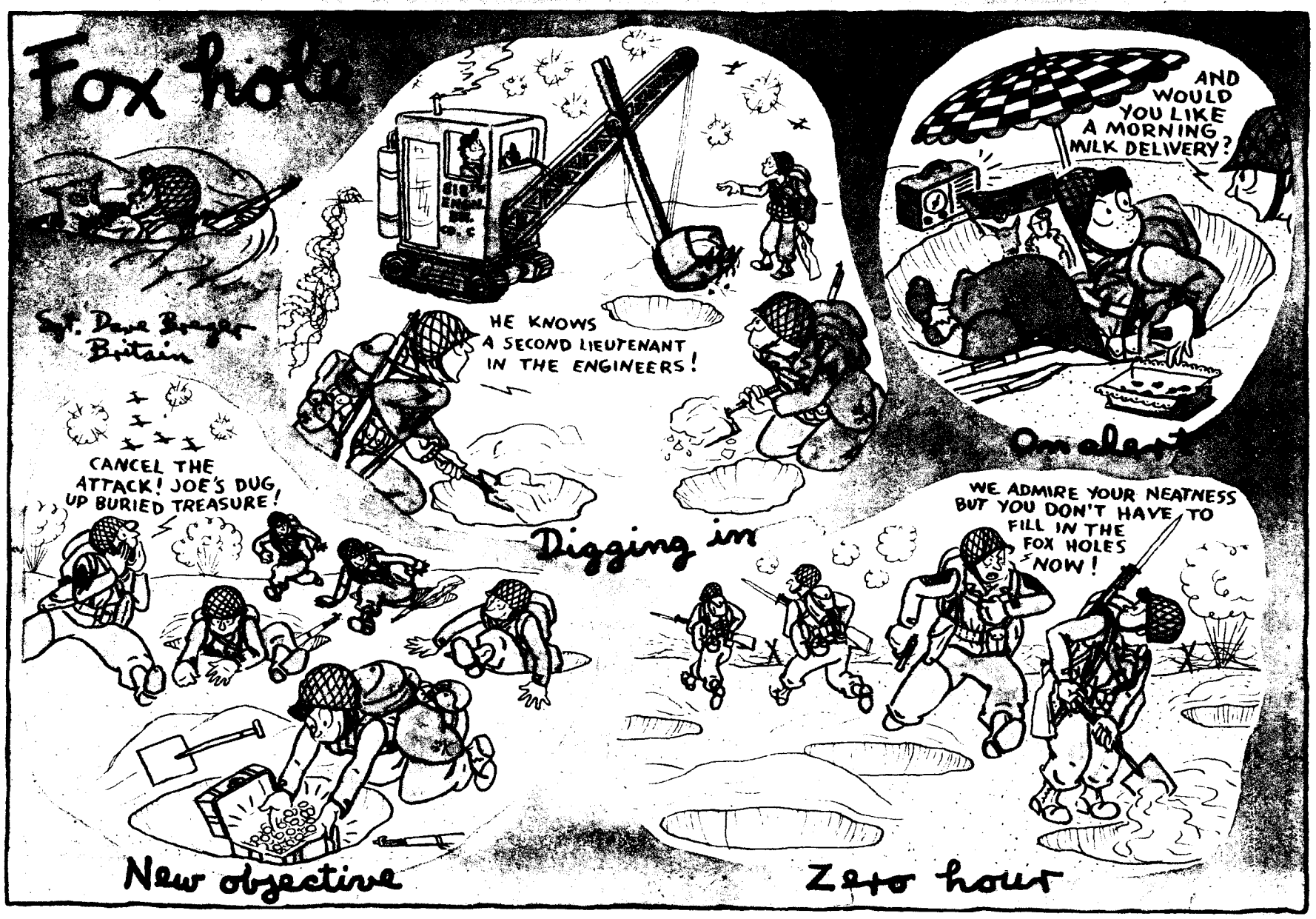
Perhaps the new soldier may get assigned to one of the Antilles Air Task Force landing fields on the water's edge of a tiny island somewhere between Florida and the mainland of South America. The scenery he sees on his way to chow in the evening is as beautiful as anything in those movie travel talks.

It's quite a change from Rock Rapids, Iowa.

—Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent

At Losey Field, Puerto Rico, Col. Thomas W. Hastey pins the Soldier's Medal on three Air Force men for heroism. Left to right, Pfc. Donald P. Lemons, Cpl. George H. Fenning and Sgt. Eugene J. Belensky, soldiers who, in danger of being overcome by gas fumes, rescued two Puerto Rican workmen from a burning gas tank.

G. I. JOE by Sgt. Dave Breger



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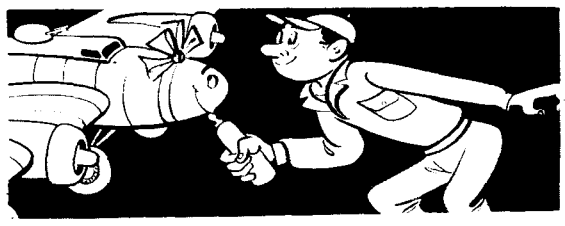

Ground Crew Has 'Nothing to Do' But Baby the Big Bombers It Loves

FLYING FORTRESS STATION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND [By Radio]—"We don't have much to do. We just make sure the plane runs all the time." M/Sgt. Charlie J. Simon, who is responsible for this statement, is, like most Air Force mechanics, a close-mouthed gent. What he means by not having much to do is: Keep four bomber motors in repair, check and condition delicate bombing apparatus, machine guns, hydraulic-pressure pictures, a mess of wires and gadgets, and Lord knows how many tricky flight, navigation, radio and operational instruments. Failure to do any of these jobs perfectly might mean the loss of ship and crew.

Simon used to drive a truck back in Portsmouth, Ohio. Here's what he does now in a day: Checks all the planes in the squadron; pushes props through and checks on the blades; inspects instruments; energizes, starts and listens to the roar of the motors for hints of trouble; and finally checks visually the whole job with five ground crewmen.

Two armament men check the artillery, and a Fortress carries plenty. If the .50-caliber guns aren't spotless and free of oil they'll jam at high altitudes—and a Fortress is as helpless as a whale in a swimming pool without effective fire power.

Sgt. Frank Norris, in civilian life an embalmer, is No. 1 armorer on Simon's Fortress. Simon and Norris are responsible for the condition of the ship. Helping them are seven crewmen.

Ground crews like to keep close to their plane. Simon's outfit lives in a Nissen hut 12 yards from their ship, and through the hut's windows they keep watch over their Fortress at all times.

The crew rarely leave the area except when the ship is out on operations, or at chow time. They move exclusively in their own society, and their society talks mainly about motors.

These boys really know their cylinder heads. Most of them are graduates of the Air Mechanics School at Chanute Field, Ill., where they absorbed a 9-months course in 22 weeks, completing 11 phases of aeronautical mechanics. These phases are basic technical orders, structure, hydraulic props, instruments, engines, ignition, carburation, test blocks, single and multi-engines, installation, dashboard—all this plus a separate study of 130 aircraft instruments.

The boys all have a deep-rooted respect for their pilot who according to the ground crew members is just a babe in arms, but capable of flying the merry hell out of a ship. However, the pilot doesn't know a thing about the mechanics. Pilots often get the jitters when their motors start to rock or cough at high altitudes. In such circumstances, even the flight engineer on board can never be quite sure of the trouble.

When the ship sets down, pilot and flight engineer rush madly to the crew chief, and within a few minutes the crew swarms over the plane like ants climbing an apple core. Normally, the trouble is found before the pilot finishes mess.

There is a personal pride in the way a crew looks after a ship. The men call her "Baby," and treat her like a temperamental mistress. After months spent grooming a particular ship, a ground crew develops a superstition about her that prevents other mechanics from touching her. If she comes in badly shot up and has to go to basic engineering for a revamp, two crew members will go with her and personally inspect everything that's done.

These men care more for their planes than for their own well-being. When new airfields are being scraped out of the mud, ground crewmen will pitch their tents beside their plane and refuse to budge until the field is in condition. No matter what happens, they stay with the ship.

There's a story going the rounds here of a ground crew chief whose ships were scheduled to move out to North Africa with Gen. Doolittle. Ground crews were scarce at the time and he threw so much energy into his task of grooming the planes for Doolittle's use that he didn't bat an eye when a cable was handed him notifying him that back in the U. S. his baby had died.

But once the ground check was done and the crew had scattered, the sergeant broke down and cried like a kid. He hadn't had time to think about his loss until then. —**Sgt. J. D. SCOTT**
YANK Staff Writer

THOUSANDS of posters, like this for the Air Forces, are being distributed to Army installations throughout the world to make sure you know how members of your family can find help whenever they face an emergency. AER, with agencies in every community and representatives at all Army posts, will supply cash grants, loans, medical care, food, fuel and clothing to soldiers' dependents who are in actual want. See your Army Emergency Relief Officer or your CO for details.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

S/Sgt. H. R. Seiter is the animated Taj Mahal in this picture. "That's not exactly a G.I. garment he's wearing, but it's a good disguise if you're AWOL in India. From the KC Depot in India he sends a message to Pfc. William S. Hawkins, 45th Repair Squadron, ADG, Brookley Field, Ala.: "If India affects you as it did me, my advice is to stay in the U. S."

Cpl. Joseph A. Sorce, Camp Forrest, Tenn., hopes his brother, Pvt. Ted Sorce, stationed in England will see this picture. Ted wrote home for a picture of his son but it never arrived in England. Consequently, brother Joseph solves the situation by sending it this way. He adds: "Your wife and kids send their love. Please write to Jack and myself."

Cpl. Robert J. Scott, of Chicago, Ill., has been a mail clerk at a base deep in the South Pacific for the last four months, and wants Cpl. Thomas Brown and Pvt. Charles Babb, both Chicago men, to know he'd like to handle a few personal letters from them. Scott has plans for some stops in "jive dives" in South Chicago when the three get together again.

Pvt. Joseph Salerno, of Utica, N. Y., is the only man on his particular island in the South Pacific who manages to keep cool all the time; he makes ice cream for the PX and for chow. To his brother, Cpl. Walter Salerno, Joe says: "I've been down here six months. Walter is in the Medical Dept. and when last heard from was heading for the Pacific."

Pvt. Frank Rychorcewicz is an MP but he still looks pretty human. He is stationed in the Somerset Hotel, Boston, Mass., where guests are not required to handle KP or the garbage detail. He sends a message to his brother, Pvt. Paul Rychorcewicz, who is stationed in North Africa: "I am always thinking of you, Paul, so please write soon."

Bob Shaffer, RM3/c, stationed at the Naval Air Station, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends this message to Frank Klopsie who left the West Coast with an armored division couple of months ago. From Shaffer's note, Klopsie was a high pressure salesman in civilian life: "Try blitzing the Japs like you blitzed your customers, and the war won't last much longer."

T/Sgt. Nick Pieck stepped out of high school in Plains, Pa., right into the Army Air Force. He's worked his way up to crew chief of a B-17 in New Guinea. In Hawaii is one of his high-school pals, Cpl. Andrew Kuzminski. Nick sends him this message: "Hi, Gumps. How's it going? We've been bombed and we've done some bombing ourselves but I'm still okay."

Pvt. Harry Feinberg, Oakland, Calif., is a subsistence clerk in Quartermaster Depot in New Guinea. Two of his Oakland pals, Cpl. Joe Kagan and Pvt. Morrie Somers, are now in Alaska. To them he sends this note: "How's everything going in the icebox of the world? It's considered cool here when the temperature drops below 100. See you back in Oakland soon."

Pfc. Eddie Nelan, 76th Div., 385 Inf., Co K, Fort Meade, Md., is paging **Pvt. Joseph T. Zanca,** believed to be stationed in England. Will Zanca write when he sees this? . . . Will the twin-brother of **1st Lt. W. W. Moore,** believed to be in Australia, write to his mother, **Mrs. John C. Moore,** Box 56, Chester, S. C.? . . . **Frank Elek** of the Medical Dept. please write to **M/Sgt. John M. Fulcher,** Agent Finance Office, Selman Field, Monroe, La. Elek said he was on maneuvers with you in Alabama in '39. . . . Will **Pvt. John Zebrowski,** a gunner in a bomber outfit, write to **Sgt. George Taflin,** 80th Fighter Group, APO 928 c/o Postmaster, San Francisco? It's been a year since Taflin heard from you. . . . To **Pvt. Bryce Wilson,** a Marine in the Solomons: "Wings, your mom's in good health. Saw her before I left. Signed: **Percy Brown,** en route to Berlin." . . . **S/Sgt. Max Meltzer,** formerly of Btry. C, 57th CC, Camp Pendleton, Va., now stationed at Btry. H, 27th CA, APO 856 c/o Postmaster, N. Y., wants to hear from the boys at APO 952. . . . **Sgt. Bernard Sturgeon,** paging **Gordon D. Mott,** outfit unknown: "Hi, G.D. Write to your old buddy. The address is Central State College, AAFTD, M—324, Edmond, Okla." . . . **Pfc. Ben Socoloski** wants to make contact with friend named **Bainter** who served in the Canadian Army, fought at Dunkirk and then volunteered for the U. S. Army. "Still waiting for a letter, Bainter. I was the only one from the old 53rd to make the shipment. Wish I were with you." . . . **T/Sgt. Willis Collins,** Hq. Btry. 327th F.A. Bn., APO 84, Camp Howze, Tex., would like to hear from his cousin, **Pvt. Bethel Walker** who is in the Army somewhere overseas. . . . Will **Lt. Hank Price,** U. S. Army Signal Corps, wherever he may be, write to **Julius Greenberg, S1c,** U. S. Naval Air Station New Orleans, La.? . . . **Charles P. Chiaramonte,** England, your brother wants to know if you're okay and if you like it over there. His address is Co. B, 98th QM Bakery Bn., Camp Swift, Tex. . . . **First Sgt. M. Beckerman,** Co Y, 3rd ESR, Fort Belvoir, Va., has lost track of his old pal **Sgt. N. Plotnick.** Can anyone help?

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NEWS FROM HOME

Skimming the Week on the Home Front

David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, bowed in New York, to a War Labor Board ultimatum and ordered back to work 85,000 workers in 2,000 New York dress shops. The workers, Dubinsky said, sought pay increases to meet rising living costs, but the WLB, terming the walkout a violation of labor's "no strikes for the duration" pledge, declined to discuss the wage grievances of the ILGWU members until they had resumed work.

At White Plains, N. Y., the barbs continued to fly in Jack Dempsey's divorce suit against his wife, the former Hannah Williams. Replying to the one-time Manassa Mauler's charges that she was overly fond of Benny Woodall, a former Dallas (Tex.) fight promoter, and Lew Jenkins, erstwhile light-heavyweight champion, Mrs. Dempsey told the court that Jack, now a Coast Guard lieutenant commander, had used physical violence on several occasions, and at least once threatened her with a gun. Dempsey promised affidavits to support his charge that he found his wife and Woodall in pajamas in a Los Angeles bedroom.

William M. Jeffers, national rubber administrator, hurled new shafts at the Army in his effort to control the nation's war-born rubber program. "The Army and the Navy and these loafers," he said, identifying "loafers" as commissioned experts for the Army and Navy, should be kept out of war plants.

In Seattle, 30 persons were dead and 10 were missing as a result of a fire which destroyed the suburban Forest Park Sanitarium. Of the sanitarium's 49 elderly patients, only nine were known to have escaped.

Post-war plans were advanced by Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson, who proposed a post-armistice "draft in reverse" to guarantee that no men are discharged from the armed forces to fall in breadlines, and by Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, who advocated peacetime compulsory military training through universal selective service to keep our armed might intact after the war.

The U. S. and Canada announced a program for settlement, when the war ends, of a 1,000,000-square acre plot in the area where the Yukon, Alaska, and British Columbia join; Vice President Wallace proposed that all Americans enjoy the privileges of "middle class Americans" when peace comes, and Wendell Willkie once more demanded an allied High Command with full Russian and Chinese representation.

Deaths: Jay Pierrepont Moffat, 46, Minister to Canada, career diplomat, and son-in-law of former Ambassador to Japan Joseph Clark Grew, at Ottawa; Horace B. Taft, 81, brother of the late former President and headmaster of Taft School at Watertown, Conn.

'Murder in Lower 13'

The late Mrs. Martha James

EUGENE, OREG.—The West Coast Limited, San Francisco-bound train, roared through snow and sleet in northern Oregon.

Marine Pvt. Harold R. Wilson, in upper 13, was awakened by voices in the berth below him. "I can't take this any longer," a woman's voice said. Then, "My God, he's killing me!"

Wilson jumped to the aisle, found the body of Mrs. Martha Virginia Brinson James, 21, daughter of a prominent Norfolk (Va.) family, four months ago the bride of Ensign Richard F. James. Her throat had been cut and her body had tumbled into the aisle of the sleeping car.

Four days later, Robert Fowlkes, a 21-year-old dining car cook, confessed the slaying. Then he repudiated his confession. The next day he confessed again, this time in detail.

Police accepted Fowlkes' second confession, announced the "murder in lower 13" had been solved.

Mrs. James became separated from her husband, traveling south on official duty, when train congestion caused him to be placed on another section.

Errol Flynn Shouts Denial To Charges of Girl Accusers

HOLLYWOOD—Errol Flynn ended his direct testimony at his trial on charges of statutory rape with a shouted denial that he had ever been intimate with either of the two girls who accuse him.

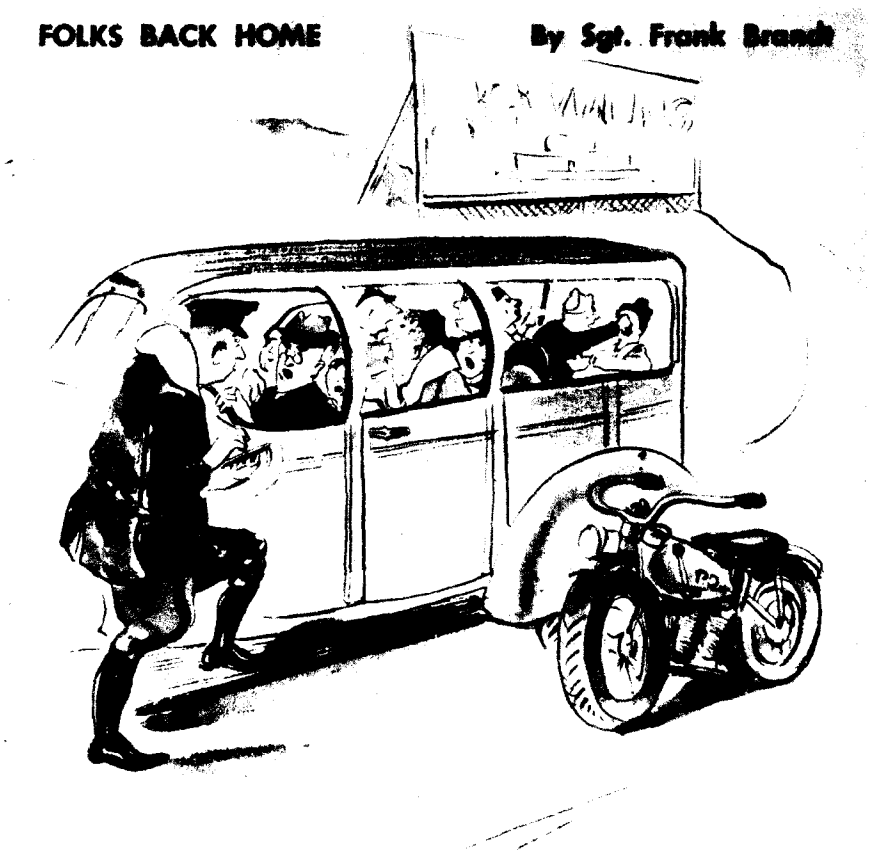
Flynn, his own star witness, was questioned by his attorneys and cross-examined by the prosecution for two days. He first denied methodically each point of the intimate testimony offered at the trial by Betty Hansen, 17, and Peggy Larue Satterlee, 16, and then proclaimed his complete innocence.

Cpl. Hubert Oliver, once a seaman on Flynn's yacht, said the Tasmanian-born actor did not go below with Miss Satterlee, as she charged. Flynn's attorneys drew admissions from expert astronomers that because of the boat's course, the moon couldn't have been observed that evening from the porthole of Miss Satterlee's cabin where, she had said, Flynn took her under the pretext of observing the moon through the porthole.

Regarding the party attended by Betty Hansen, Flynn's attorney fired at his client a staccato series of questions. "Did you put her to bed? Did you undress her?" Flynn's quick answer to each question was "No."

FOLKS BACK HOME

By Sgt. Frank Branch



"How can you stand there and accuse me of pleasure driving."

E. J. Flynn Quits Fight To Be Envoy to Australia

WASHINGTON—President Roosevelt climaxed a week of mounting Senate opposition to confirmation of Edward J. Flynn as minister to Australia by announcing withdrawal of the nomination, at Flynn's request.

"Though my friends in the Senate assure me of my confirmation as minister to Australia," Flynn said, "I am unwilling to permit my candidacy to be made the excuse for partisan, political debate in the Senate. To me, prosecution of the war is above all other considerations."

President Returns to U. S. From Africa and Brazil

WASHINGTON — At 7:50 P. M. on Jan. 31, news services flashed the word that President Roosevelt's momentous mission to North Africa had ended; that he had returned to the White House, the day after his 61st birthday.

The first trip of a U. S. President to a foreign fighting front was completed. The announcement came as the final chapter in the story of the President's history-making journey of 23 days covering nearly 14,000 miles. After his talks with Prime Minister Churchill in North Africa, the President visited Liberia, Brazil and Trinidad.

In Monrovia, Mr. Roosevelt talked with President Edwin Barclay of the African republic founded in 1822 by American freedmen, reviewed American Negro troops stationed in Liberia and visited the Firestone rubber plantations.

At Natal, on the hump of Brazil, the President paused again to confer with President Getulio Vargas of that good neighbor nation. President Vargas announced, after his return to Rio de Janeiro, that he and Mr. Roosevelt were in "complete accord" on aims to "safeguard all American nations and make the Atlantic safe for all."

On the island of Trinidad, American-built and manned defenses were inspected. At Port-of-Spain, the people of Trinidad "turned out en masse" to welcome the President. "It was the first time since he left the U. S. early in January," a White House announcement said of the Trinidad visit, "that any populace had been aware that the American Commander in Chief was in their very midst." In Trinidad the President was joined by Admiral William D. Leahy, his personal chief of staff, whose plans to accompany the President to Casablanca were blocked by influenza.

President Roosevelt inspecting an Armored Force unit at Casablanca. Driving the peep is T/3 Oran E. Lass of Kansas City, Mo. In rear are Maj. Gen. Harmon and Lt. Gen. Clark.

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NEWS FROM HOME

ALABAMA

All liquor licenses held by cafes and hotels lapsed when Gov. Sparks failed to name a new state liquor board. Twenty-nine construction projects in Alabama were halted because they used vital war materials. Richard Arthur Myles was sentenced to 10 years for taking $39,000 securities from the Massey Business College in Birmingham.

ARKANSAS

Mayor Charles E. Moyer of Little Rock and Mayor Neely of North Little Rock were unopposed for reelection. Officials at McGehee dropped charges against M. C. Brown, farmer charged with attempting to kill a Jap he believed escaping from an internment camp. At Jonesboro, Barney Nalley, Mrs. Gertie Estes and T. A. Esterline were charged with the murder of Walter Estes, Caraway merchant. Deaths: Mrs. Martha A. Misskelley, 105, and John Sheley, Civil War veteran believed more than 100, in Independence County; Claudius Jones, 77, Little Rock furniture broker; Dr. L. L. Marshall, Little Rock surgeon and owner of Research Hospital. Harold A. Young was reelected chairman of the Pulaski County Red Cross at Little Rock.

CALIFORNIA

At San Quentin Prison, Leslie Bela Griffith, 38, Glendale jeweler, was executed for the murder of Dorena Hammer, 21-year-old San Jose College coed. Eleven members of the Perley Adamson family work in the Douglas Aircraft plant at Santa Monica. John D. Lambert, Alameda shipyard worker, was freed after Oklahoma decided not to extradite him as an escaped convict: he stole a pig in 1932. San Francisco has adopted special water rates for victory gardens. A 30-classroom school will be built at Tenth and Virginia Streets in Richmond for children of sihpyard workers.

CONNECTICUT

Four deaths occurred in the state's first blizzard of the year: David J. Winchester, at New Britain; Gilbert J. Query, at Glastonbury; Mrs. Mary Bullis, New Haven, and John Fitch, Hartford. Mayor pro tem John S. Monagan of Waterbury decided to remain mayor, rejected a federal post in New York. At Rockville a jury quashed Victor V. Tocchetti's suit for $15,000 against the Johnston Memorial Hospital at Stafford Springs, charging inefficiency brought the death of his infant daughter. Leslie S. Myrick, 37, rescued his three daughters from a fire in their home, ran back to recover some papers, was burned to death. Dr. Jacob Shapera, 28, Rockville dentist, was charged with attempted murder after he allegedly placed two bombs in the car of Robert Pigeon, an attorney.

DELAWARE

At Dover, State Sen. Harry Mulholland introduced a bill to give soldiers $18 a week from the time they're discharged until they find employment, but not for more than 20 weeks. A bill was proposed to make illegal the sale of liquor 24 hours before or after Election Day, as well as on Election Day. U. S. Judge John Biggs Jr. denied Col. Dinshah P. Ghadiali of New Jersey an injunction restraining the Delaware State Medical Society from interfering with his treatment of human ailments by "thought waves."

While sitting on your bunk toying with your shoelaces, try this one:

Remove the shoelace. Toss the shoe gently but insistently at your slumbering bunkie, thereby waking him up. Before he has time to rouse all his protests, explain to him the urgency of the situation. Tell him you are about to show him a wonderful trick.

Invite him to take the shoelace, hold one end in each hand, and, without releasing either hand, tie a knot in it—a plain, ordinary overhand knot.

After a number of futile tries he'll be ready to swear that it can't be done. In fact, if he's still sleepy enough, he'll be willing to bet that you can't do it.

Whereupon you take him up immediately—and proceed to win that bet!

How to tie this knot is described on page 22.

A sign of the times in a Fort Knox (Ky.) service club. Miss Doris Rene explains the situation with a smile to Cpl. Barney Cascerceri.

IDAHO

State liquor stores reduced the daily liquor ration from two quarts to one per person. Mrs. Nancy Jane Hurst, 91, was found frozen to death in a snow drift near her home in Hailey. The Idaho State Editorial Association opposed abolition of the direct primary election system. Boise's fire loss in 1942 was $97,463. Only 151 bills were introduced in the legislature, a record low. Snow on its roof caused the collapse of Gannett High School gymnasium at Hailey.

ILLINOIS

To enable women to wear slacks, Chicago's city council considered amending an old city ordinance barring "any person from appearing in dress not belonging to his or her sex." A South Shore Lines suburban train crashed into a gasoline truck at the Kline Avenue crossing in Hammond, Ind., killing the motorman, William Stork, and injuring 11 passengers. The American Council of Education cleared the University of Illinois of charges that it is "politics-ridden." At Chicago, detectives were called within two hours to investigate burglaries of three widely separated Burnu Brothers bakeries; three safes were carted away. Southern Illinois legislators are advocating a second state university at Carbondale. The Carthage school board rejected a teacher's resignation; teachers are too hard to find. The Canton police chief visited a WCTU meeting to explain that he wasn't drunk New Year's Eve—just sick. At Moline, William Pascoe, 90, continued to work a 40-hour week in a tool factory. Rock Island County bought 185 new voting machines to use in the spring elections.

INDIANA

The Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad invited its employees to plant 1,000 miles of victory gardens along its tracks in western Indiana and Illinois. More than 50 raids were made on Indianapolis gambling joints and hot spots, some on Indiana Avenue. The Indiana legislature considered bills to boost the governor's salary from $8,000 to $12,000 annually, and to disapprove bringing Japs to work in Indiana war plants. At Henderson, 257 gambling indictments were returned. Mrs. Myrtle Myers, 54, was killed at Evansville when a stalled bus, being pushed, crashed into a car, which toppled over on Mrs. Myers. At Wabash, Mosie Alfred Harriell admitted killing Patrolman Clinton Ostheimer after the officer arrested him for drunken driving; he was sentenced to life. A woman, Mrs. Mary Phillips, now operates the Pennsylvania Railroad block tower at Indianapolis. The Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra began a drive to raise $35,000 for current expenses. Rev. Robert Spaid, pastor of Grace Lutheran Church at Logansport, became a naval chaplain. Deaths: Miss Leora Clem, 62, Kokomo school teacher for 30 years; W. E. Fuller, former Indianapolis barber shop chain operator; Thomas C. Lynn, for 36 years custodian of Franklin High School, Princeton.

IOWA

Fires throughout the state in sub-zero weather took 14 lives, four of them when a $130,000 blaze destroyed the Union Station at Burlington. Miss Doris Kenning, P. F. Carlin, Leo C. Plunkitt and L. H. Hervey perished in the Burlington fire. Carl H. Daubendiek, telephone manager at Jefferson, was indicted for interfering with the operations of his telephone exchange after a local ration board declined to grant him auxiliary gas rations. John Robb, 102, Dickinson's oldest citizen, died. At Logan, Mrs. Bessie Baker was acquitted of the murder of Mack Lee Riley.

KANSAS

Wallace Brothers, Inc., began a $100,000 experimental aviation manufacturing plant to be affiliated with Cessna Aircraft at Wichita. Topeka decided to retain its biennial city elections, rather than shift to the four-year-term plan. The Kansas legislature at Topeka rejected a bill to allow soldiers divorces after 30 days in the state. Bids were opened on Wichita's new community house for Hilltop Manor residents.

KENTUCKY

State Farm Bureau officials asked draft boards for more consideration for farm workers so 1943 farm quotas may be met. Several wildcat oil wells are being drilled in Henderson County. The National Theater in Louisville, once valued at $1,000,000, was sold for $100,000 to A. J. Hoffman, Evansville, Ind. Mayor Giles of Middlesboro said 210 parking meters will be removed next month. An early end of the burley season was predicted as sales slumped daily and some auctions were canceled. At Louisville, Cale Young Rice, 70-year-old poet, committed suicide; he was despondent over the recent death of his wife, Alice Caldwell Hegan, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

LOUISIANA

Leo Coco was named president of the newly organized Moreauville State Bank. Gov. Jones offered Ben Anderson, 52, New Iberia oil field worker, a chance to avoid extradition to Missouri, where he escaped from prison 25 years ago. The Illinois Central Railway completed a new station at Laplace. New Orleans expected to get 1,750 tons of scrap steel by tearing up all unused street-car rails. An Alexandria jury convicted Dave Richey, operator of the Snuff Box night club near Boyce, of the murder of Carson Cudd. At New Orleans, Andrew Jackson Higgins Sr., boat-builder, proposed a cargo plane with an all-wing design and a 400,000 ton displacement; added that he expects to build a $1,500 helicopter "jalopy" for widespread distribution after the war.

MARYLAND

The legislature at Annapolis considered a resolution to cut the minimum constitutional voting age to 18. Local option on liquor was voted down by a legislative committee. Mrs. Francis King Carey, founder of the Gilman Country School near Baltimore, died. A plan was proposed to cut or tunnel Franklin Street under the Baltimore business district, widen it to eight lanes.

MASSACHUSETTS

The Massachusetts Agricultural Fairs Association, meeting at Springfield, planned to hold states fairs as usual this year. William E. Smith, 30 years an instructor at Boston English High School, died at Marblehead. Col. Natalie Hays Hammond, organizer of the Massachusetts Women's Defense Corps, resigned. Dr. Nelson B. Baker, pastor of Trinity Baptist Church in Arlington, became an Army chaplain. At Dedham, Mrs. Mary Curley Donnelly, daughter of ex-Gov. James Curley, was granted a divorce. The Rev. James J. Mooney, pastor of Immaculate Conception Church at Newburyport, braved flames which destroyed a convent to rescue the blessed sacrament. At Springfield, J. C. Garand, inventor of the M.1, gave the Red Cross a pint of blood. Patrolman Louis C. Miller, Springfield's first motorcycle cop, retired. Fred C. Mitchell resigned as principal of Lynn Classical High School. The fuel oil shortage caused the Lawrence police station to be switched back from oil to coal.

MICHIGAN

Christopher George Sinasbaugh, 71, editor of Automotive News, died at Detroit. Coldwater physicians held hopes for recovery of Donna Lee Simonds, unconscious since December from an auto accident. Arthur Ruchoff, farmer, beat his mother-in-law to death with a hammer near Kalamazoo, seriously injured his wife and son, then killed himself. Melvin Childress, 26, was held in Detroit for the slaying of Mrs. Sybilla McGrath, mother of six children. Detroit declined to lend its voting machines to the UAW for an election. The legislature approved a bill to return Michigan from war time to standard time. Dr. William F. Koch and Louis Koch, brothers, were tried in Detroit for selling "cures" for cancer. A $1,500,000 building was planned in Detroit to house state offices. Charles W. Richardson, 89, Henry Ford's school teacher at Dearborn, died at Detroit.

MISSOURI

Livery stables have been revived in some Missouri towns; blacksmith shops in others. Kansas City building trades unions bought the Jacob L. Loose mansion on Armour Boulevard, where Queen Marie was once a guest. At Crane, fire wrecked a theater and the Farmers' Exchange Building. Teen Town, liquorless night club for youths, was opened in a church basement at Columbia. At St. Louis, Harold Lawrence, 27, confessed he killed his wife with a hammer, threw her body in the Mississippi River, and brought his girl friend home to live with him.

NEBRASKA

Omaha bars tried unsuccessfully to keep women away from the rail; bartenders said they couldn't stand the blend of perfume and cigarette odors. Nebraska legislators again considered a two-cent tax on cigarette packs. James Cullen, Standard Oil Co. employee on the Davison lease near Falls City, escaped injury when an explosion sent a tank hurtling through space with Cullen aboard. Striking women elevator operators in the Brandeis Theater and the Saunders-Kennedy Building kept their elevators between floors from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. before officers evicted them. Fairbury feted John Simpson, who founded the Fairbury Windmill Co. 50 years ago.

NEVADA

Mrs. Luna Stokely closed the post-office at Rochester after more than 30 years of operation. At Las Vegas, Judge E. L. Nores dismissed charges of forging gaming licenses against former Sheriff Leon Memmot and former deputy William Ronnow. Tungsten is being produced at a mine in Humboldt County,

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No self-respecting horseplayer would patronize this joint, in Newark, N. J., but lots of horseburger eaters are not necessarily reminded of Belmont Park.

four miles from Mathewson's Ashdown gold mine. Reno councilmen discussed pay increases for most city employees.

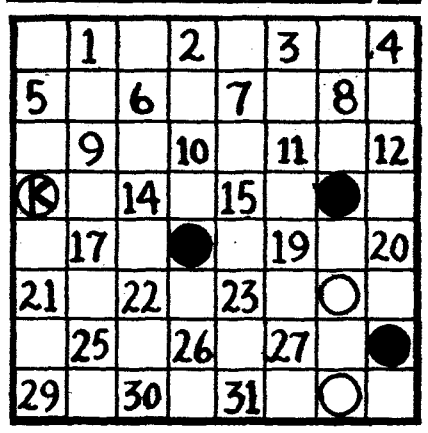
NEW JERSEY

Two groups of Newark tavern operators disagreed over a change in tavern closing hours on Sunday from 2 a. m. to 3 a. m., but the change was approved by City Commission. Frederick O. Runyon was named president of Presbyterian Hospital at Newark. Howard W. Buck of Maplewood was granted another divorce from Martha Jane Smith Buck; they were married, divorced, remarried, now divorced. Dr. Louis M. Levitsky, rabbi of Congregational Oheb Shalom, was named chairman of the Welfare Federation's Council in Newark. At Hackensack, half Bergen County's lawyers divide their time between courts and war work. Jersey City's Police Chief Harry W. Walsh retired after 29 years of service.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque's new bulletproof "bank on wheels" for payroll distribution is now operated by a woman, Mrs. Jack Bagwell. Mayor Clyde Tingley of Albuquerque approved John A. Flaska for Democratic county chairman to succeed Ralph Keleher, who then demanded the mayor resign. State Attorney General Chase proposed constitutional amendments to abolish state income and succession taxes, to establish absentee voting and allow Indians to vote. A state lottery bill was introduced in the legislature; the proceeds would give each New Mexico citizen in the armed forces a $500 War Bond three months after the war's end.

Checkerboard Strategy



RED TO MOVE AND WIN

It's a cinch that 99 out of 100 players, if playing Red in this position, would allow Black to escape with a draw.

Yet, correct forcing play will win for Red—and in spectacular style, too.

How would you proceed from this point if you were handling Red?

The correct solution appears on page 22. If you number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown, you will find it easy to follow the moves as given in the solution. This play is calculated to win you the profound respect of even your toughest opponent, and leave him scratching his head in amazement.

NEW YORK

Ilion became the second community in the U. S. to win a "T" flag, meaning 90 per cent of the inhabitants are putting at least 10 per cent of their salaries in War Bonds. Mayor George Inglis of Niagara Falls, Ont., proposed the postwar peace conference be held in the twin cities of Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Niagara Falls, Ont. In Buffalo, the Sisters of St. Francis bought the Central Park Hospital. Former Principal Milton Gurvitz of Sanborn school, sentenced to five years for writing threatening letters to three school trustees, was indicted for burning the school. Fire damaged the Swados Department Store on Gibson Street in Buffalo. Apprentice Seaman Arthur Coscarelli found a check for $500,000 in a New York street corner, returned it to the owner. Mrs. Anne Kaufman killed herself and her crippled 3-year-old daughter in New York, leaving a note asking that their bodies be used for medical research. At Naples, fire caused $750,000 damage in the Widmer's wine cellars.

NORTH DAKOTA

The legislature at Bismarck gingerly tackled re-enactment of the 2 per cent sales tax. Thirty per cent of Fargo's physicians are in the armed forces; no more calls to humor hypochondriacs. At Rolla, Antoine Marcotte, pioneer Dakotan, retired after 57 years in the meat business. A general store at Anselm was destroyed by fire. Hospitals in the Fargo-Moorhead area operated with peak patient loads, as influenza continued to dominate state illness lists. LaMoure's Community Club planned a hospital for the town. Ole O. Hagen, 86, pioneer Hawley contractor, died at Moorhead.

OHIO

At Cincinnati, Victor Caproni, 29, was shot by his wife, Eleanor, carried to Good Samaritan Hospital; there, police said, he was fatally shot by Mrs. Pearl Leonard, divorcee, who said she and Caproni's wife were forced by him to live in his house, under threats of violence to their children. Cincinnati handbook operators announced business is off 80 per cent. Cincinnati lifted its anti-rabies quarantine on dogs after nine months. Mayor Spagnola of Youngstown ordered Police Chief Precelomsky to "clean up the city of vice, crime and gambling—or resign." At Cleveland, parents of 2-year-old Raymond Gentry "bailed him out" at Police Station after he took a nudist stroll. Cincinnati deaths: Frederick Hertenstein, 84, for 33 years president of the Western Bank and Trust Co.; Billy Haass, Democratic political leader and adviser of ex-Gov. Davey. Archie Bell, 65, former theater critic for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and the Cleveland *News*, died.

OKLAHOMA

Gov. Kerr announced support for a 15-day extension of the deadline for purchase of 1943 auto license tags. Oklahoma City authorities approved use of the Capitol Hill junior or senior high school swimming pool by soldiers at nearby Will Rogers Field. The State Supreme Court reversed a Creek County decision giving two Kansas City Negroes who claimed to be nephews of the husband of the late Lete Kolvin, an incompetent Indian, half of her $15,000,000 Oklahoma oil fortune. A janitor in the State Capitol ordered a big, burly man off his newly-mopped floor; the man was newly-inaugurated Gov. Kerr. Byron and Funston White Man, Cheyenne Indians, were brought before a federal grand jury at Oklahoma City in the slaying of their nephew, Milton Little Man.

PENNSYLVANIA

Dr. A. C. Marts, director of Civilian Defense in Pennsylvania, resigned to join the Coast Guard. In Philadelphia, 139 persons were arrested in Sunday gambling and liquor raids. Robert C. Lemmerhart, Reading school teacher, was indicted for falsifying his fuel oil application. C. C. Nicolet, of the Philadelphia Record staff, died. Scores of guests were rescued when fire swept the Rittenhouse Hotel in Philadelphia. At Philadelphia denaturalization proceedings began against ex-Bund leader Alexander Martin Hartmann.

RHODE ISLAND

Rhode Islanders can't buy drinks or anything else on Monday; all retail stores are on a five-day week as a fuel conservation measure. Schools went back from four to five days a week; too much confusion resulted from the fuel-shortened week. Margaret Mastrati of Cranston parked her brother's oil truck at an oil pump until she got some oil.

OREGON

Rationing of firewood in 32 Oregon and Washington cities began Feb. 1, but OPA said there's no fuel oil shortage in Oregon. The state's worst storm since 1937 took four lives, gummed up transportation. Deep snow halted clearing of the right-of-way for the Pepco electric railway west from Estacada. Gov. Bottolfsen of Idaho and Gov. Ratner of Kansas endorsed the celebration of the Old Oregon Trail Centennial. Oregon State College has announced it will accept a limited number of high-school students before their graduation. Dairymen at The Dalles ceased milk deliveries on order of the OPA. Rep. S. S. Pier introduced a bill to free all men and women in the armed services from state income and intangibles taxes.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Dr. Shelton Phelps, president of Winthrop College at Rock Hill, resigned; ill health. The United Waste Co. warehouse in Spartanburg was destroyed in a $100,000 fire. Retiring Gov. Jefferies said he may run for the U. S. Senate in 1944 when Sen. "Cotton Ed" Smith's term expires. Gov. Olin D. Johnston urged prohibition in his inaugural, and legislative drys began work on a prohibition law. A bill to permit women on juries was considered. Clemson College will begin a 12-month year in June. Mareen Linton, 17, was held at Cheraw in the death of David Boan, 29. Deaths: D. C. Heyward, former governor, at Columbia; E. C. Hasselden, superintendent of the municipal water and light plant, at Georgetown; James Carlisle Hardin, mayor pro tem and president of the Rock Hill Body Co., at Rock Hill.

TENNESSEE

The House passed, 75-19, the Cooper administration poll tax repeal bill and a companion permanent registration bill; West Tennessee poll tax repeal foes planned a last-ditch fight in the Senate. In Nashville, fire destroyed Fortland, home of the late Dr. Rufus E. Fort, on Riverside Drive. Engineer detachments at Camp Forrest practiced demolition on eight abandoned bridges in the area to be covered by the backwaters of new TVA dams. Dr. M. B. Murfree, 61, Murfreesboro physician, was killed when his car skidded off the ice-coated Woodbury highway. Memphis, Harriman and Etowah refused to sign a scroll thanking George W. Norris for TVA; said the honor should go to Senator McKellar. Gen. R. E. Bullington, 95, who rode with Nathan Bedford Forrest, died at Memphis.

TEXAS

At College Station, 655 Texas A. & M. cadets graduated, most of them immediately entering active Army service to complete officer training. At Fort Worth, Prince Johanes von und du Lichtenstein received $875, a truck and the crown silverware in a divorce property settlement; his wife, formerly Aleene McFarland of Weatherford, got $100,000 in property. Two Houston brothers, 11 and 12, robbed a store to finance an expedition to whip the Japs, landed in jail. Malakoff (population, 2,000) faced a ghost-town future after the Texas Power and Light Co. closed its coal mines, switched from coal to oil for fuel at Trinidad. Deaths: W. M. Briscoe, former head of the Baylor University French department, at Waco; John H. Tucker, 58, veteran production manager of Gulf Oil Corp., at Houston.

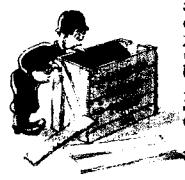
UTAH

James T. MacNeil, 70, was killed in an auto-pedestrian accident at South Temple and Sixth East, Salt Lake City. Mayor Ab Jenkins of Salt Lake City urged pedestrians to cross only at corners, to cut down tire wear caused by car stops in mid-block. At Salt Lake City, Bethel Baptist Church celebrated its freedom from debt and the First Congregational Church observed its fiftieth anniversary. Hal K. Sugden of Salt Lake City was chosen president of the Utah State Credit Union League. Dr. Milton Woodruff Snow, 74, native of Brigham City and a leader in the Church of Latter Day Saints, died at Salt Lake City. At Parowan, Mrs. Emily Hodgetts Lowder was 102 years old.

VERMONT

The CAA threatened to take away a $500,000 allotment for the Burlington airport unless the city purchased an additional 140 acres for expansion of runways. Only 164 students dropped out at mid-year at the University of Vermont. More than 350 women swamped a U. S. employment service office in Burlington for 50 jobs as sewing machine operators. At Thetford, plans were laid to rebuild Thetford Academy, destroyed by fire. Betty Leavens, 12, was killed at Jeffersonville in a coasting accident.

CAMOUFLAGE



With the consummate skill of a veteran camoufleur we have concealed in the following sentences 10 names of SPORTS or GAMES.

Can you bring them all to light?

Example: the name CRICKET is hidden in the following sentence: "No good municipality will give the public rickety busses to ride upon."

Now proceed with the 10 below:

1. Whenever I get my diamond ring out of hock, eyes turn to me as if I carried a headlight.
2. She got her husband to beat the rug by telling him that it was as much exercise as swinging a golf club.
3. She was as graceful as a nymph, and ballet dancing came to her naturally.
4. Over her eyes the brim of her hat formed an arc; her eyes concealed themselves within that shadow.
5. Save those empty cans. To beat the Hun, tin goes a long way.
6. "The Empire State Building is so tall," boasted the New Yorker, "that the roof is hinged so that it can be swung out of the way to let the moon go by at night."
7. He never bears down hard early in the baseball season, but he pitches shutout ball when the pennant race gets hot.
8. "Take that hybrid, germ-laden beast out of here," cried Willie's mother when he came home dragging a sad-looking pup with him.
9. One could tell that he was a Mongol, from his costume, his straight black hair and his high cheekbones.
10. What a guy! For a Christmas present he hands me an "El Ropo," lousiest cigar on the market.

(Solution on page 22.)

VIRGINIA

ABC stores closed for 10 days to await liquor rationing; each customer probably will get one pint a week. Virginia drys hailed rationing as a step toward prohibition. The Health Center Bowling Alleys in Richmond were destroyed by fire; loss $150,000. Richmond's Safety Director Herbert cracked down on overcharging taxi drivers. Judge Robert W. Arnold of the Third Circuit Court died at Waverly. The Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals reversed the verdict in Loudon County sentencing Samuel Legions, Negro, to die for rape; it found the evidence "incredible." A. W. Embrey, Fredericksburg, was named special lands condemnation attorney to handle enlargement of the Quantico Marine Base.

WASHINGTON

A snow storm cost Seattle $5,000,000 in lost working time. A Walla Walla ordinance forbids taxi drivers from taking passengers "the long way"; announced cabs will be rationed, one to 2,000 population. Washington liquor sales in December set a new record for alcohol consumption; 180,225 cases were sold. The Coast Guard carried food to stranded Puget Sound Islanders when the cold wave descended. The Western section of the Spokane Street viaduct in Seattle was opened; priorities block further construction. Mrs. Margaret M. Allen, Seattle, sued Jay C. Allen, 73 and critically ill, for breach of promise. Lakewood Golf Course will be the site of one of seven new housing units in Seattle for 2,000 families.

WISCONSIN

Sharp metal objects were sprinkled on several Milwaukee streets, causing damage to tires. Mrs. Rosina Trounce, 83, and Mrs. Lucille Long, 81, were found dead in a house built on stilts, just outside South Milwaukee, where they lived with 24 dogs. Mrs. Fred Seyfert was killed by an explosion in Saukville. Frank Anthony Kopjar was killed in an attempt to escape from the State Prison at Waupon. Willi Kenzia, Carl Woeppelman and Kurt Zimmer, all Germans, were defendants in a denaturalization trial at Milwaukee which charged them with being Nazis.

WYOMING

Ranches on the east side of the Big Horn River were flooded when ice in the river broke, blocking the stream's flow. The body of John Ulrich, 39, was found on the Union Pacific tracks in Cheyenne. Cheyenne's Police Chief Harvey Jackson reported one traffic death in Cheyenne last year, two murders. The State Public Service Commission intervened when the Burlington Railroad proposed abandonment of its line from Cheyenne to Sterling, Colo.

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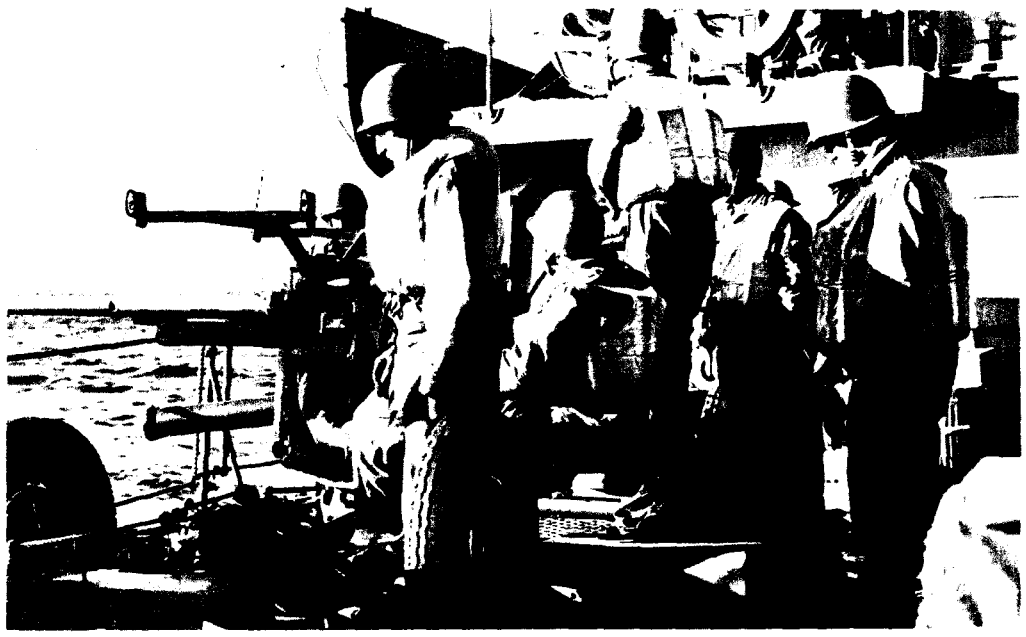
Perhaps these U. S. Air Force reconnaissance men feel like Admiral Byrd. Looks like his territory. But they have Eskimo kids for company.

MEN OF WAR IN THE AL

TRANSPORT. This mammoth barge could hold a small army. Here it is floating reinforcements ashore for one of the Andreanof Island outposts.



READY. This grim faced gun crew is ready to deal with whatever might come its way, as destroyer spills depth charges in icy Aleutian waters.

At his post on an Aleutian convoy ship, Pvt. Reno Harden, Wenatchee, Wash., has to face an icy gale. "It ain't poetic," he says.

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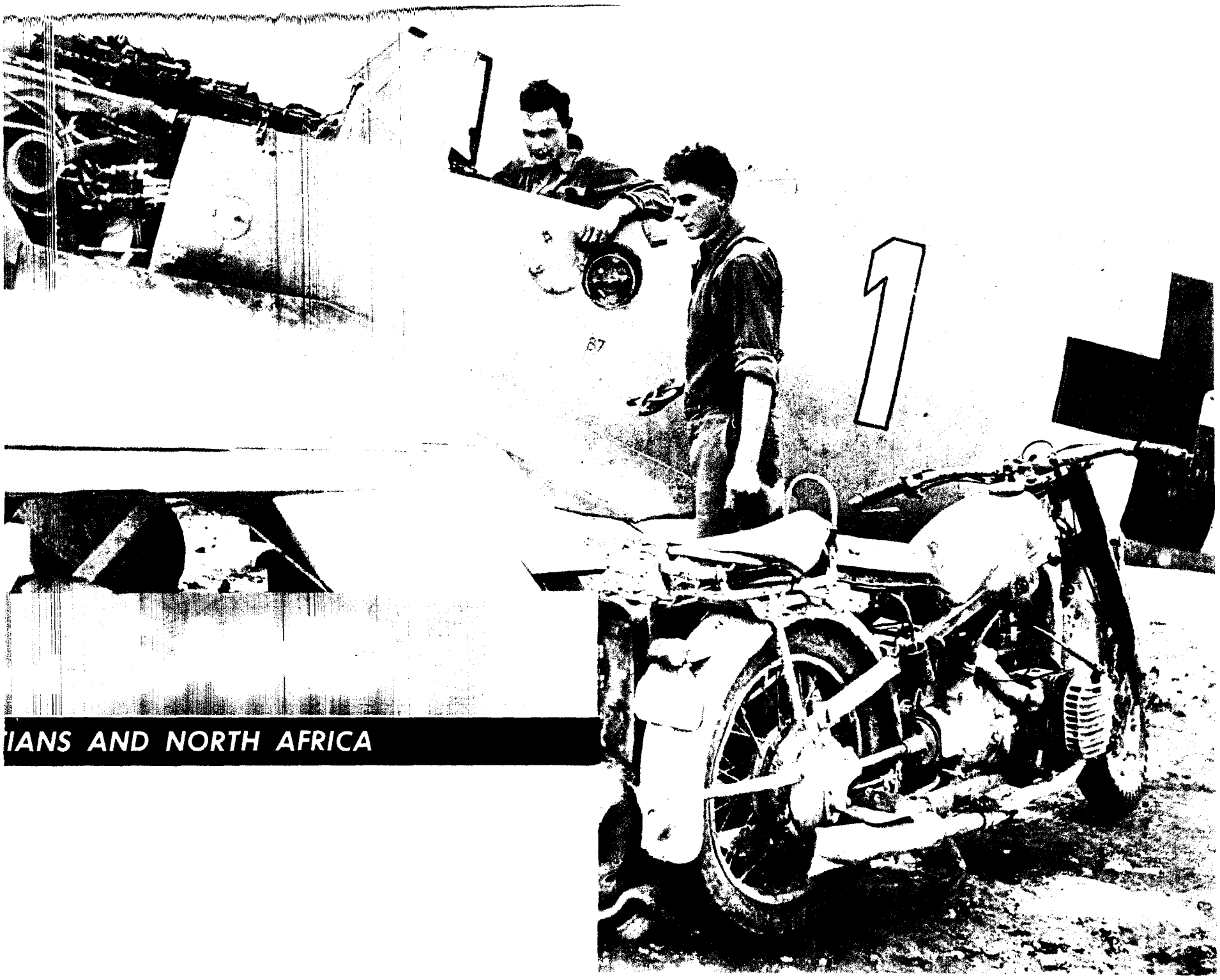

IANS AND NORTH AFRICA

Yank mechanics S Sgt. Harold P. Corey (left) and S Sgt. George R. Oldfield, fixed up wrecked ME-109. That's a Nazi BMW motorcycle.

A British grave registration unit at work in Libya. Travelling behind the army, they record location of graves, which are later moved.

The wing with insignia of the U. S. Army Air Forces points down to a desert airport, with American planes parked or taking off.

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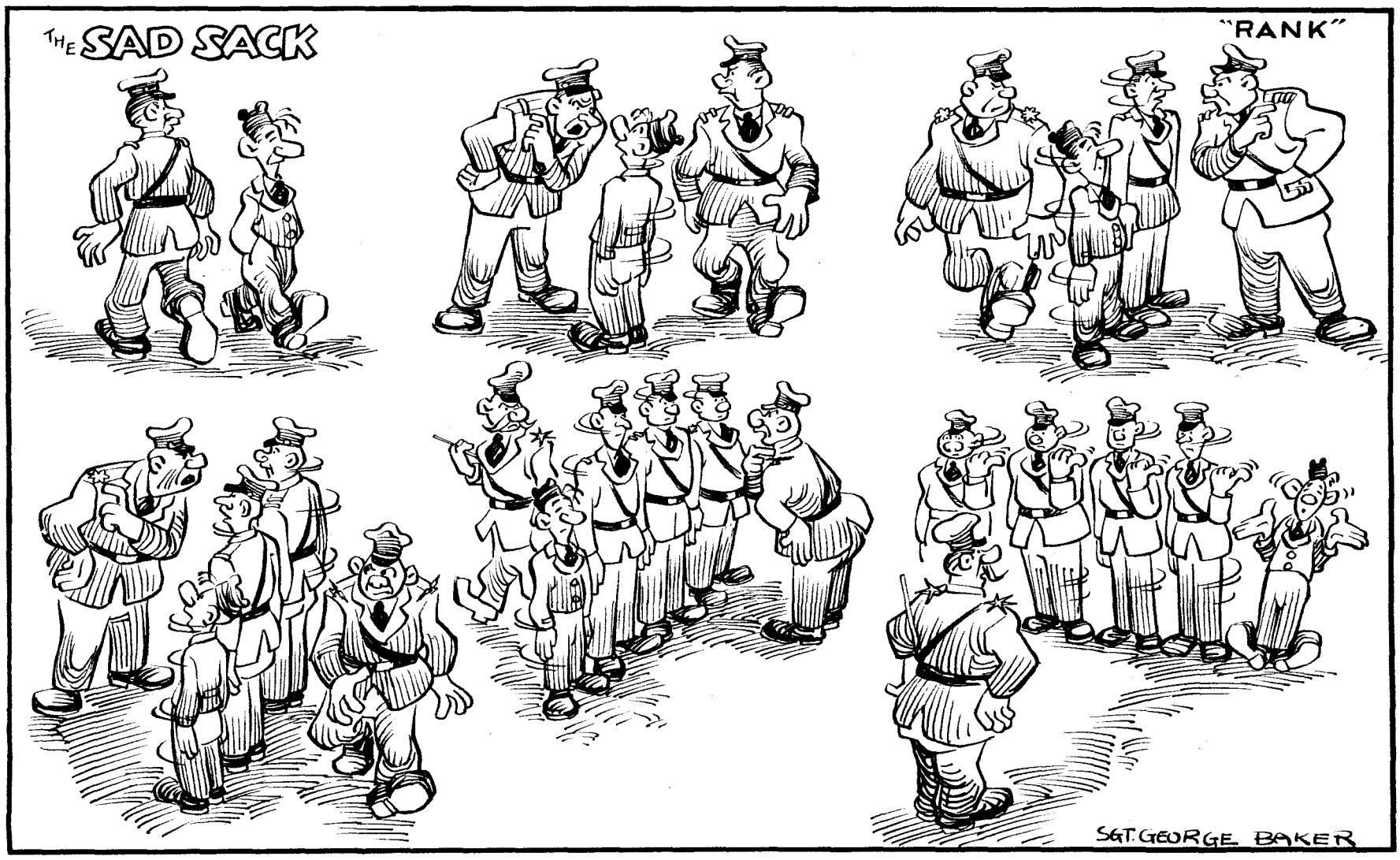

BETWEEN the LINES

IN NVR NVR LND W/SPCL ORDR FLE

See those olive-drab spots in front of my eyes? I've been reading special orders. I was sent to look through a pile of them recently for some information, which I won't talk about, not because it is a military secret, but because I'm so mixed up I'm not sure what the hell I was trying to find. After 20 minutes with the special order file, I went to the library and did three cross-word puzzles in Sanskrit to relax.

Now, there's no sense pretending I have not always been easily confused by initials, symbols, words over four letters and women. But even if I had the mind of an Einstein, and I read about an EM who was a T/5 at S-2, atchd, unasgd trfd fr CRTC—MPRTC eff 301830—all right, Mr. Einstein, What have *you* got to say?

Although I was forced to leave school at a very tender age to help support my grandmother, who at the moment is driving for the Junction City Bus Company, I did learn to read almost fluently. That sign up there, for instance, says, "We respectfully reserve the right to deny you that one too many." But the special order file is just a happy void to me.

Well, to get the information I needed, I called in my friend Joe Blue.

"First of all," said Joe, with authority, "an EM is an enlisted man.

"Now it says here that he's a T/5 at S-2. A T/5 is a technician fifth grade, or a model T corporal. Do you dig me Jack?"

My name isn't Jack, but I nodded for the exercise.

"You know what S-2 is, don't you?" he asked me with a leer.

"Sure," I told him. "It's what we get for chow every night."

"No," said Joe firmly. "S-2 is the intelligence and public relations section."

"Why is it called S-2?" I asked.

"Do you see any brass on my hat?" demanded Joe. "Don't bother me with foolish questions. So this guy is a corporal technician at the intelligence and public relations section. Now it says atchd, unasgd. That means attached but not assigned to that section."

"Uh huh," I said, dazzled.

"OK. Now the next thing is trfd fr CRTC — MPRTC. which means in English, transferred from the Cavalry Replacement Training Center to the Military Police Replacement Training Center. Poor guy!"

I shook my head dubiously, straining two tendons. "But what do all those numbers mean?"

"That, you dope, is the date and hour. Eff 301830 means effective 6:30 P.M. thirtieth day of the current month of the current year. 1830 means six-thirty. It's a new way they have of telling time. They don't say what month and what year because if it's the current month of the current year, it's understood."

"Understood by whom?" I asked.

"By anyone with brains," he said. "Now let's see what this guy's name is. . . . Hey, wait a minute," yelled Joe, grabbing his hat. "It's me!"

Fort Riley, Kans. —Cpl. JULIAN CLAMAN

"Sarge—we better move in fast before those 2nd looeys start coming."

"This one's been ordered to sleep at attention for snoring!"

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Junior Solomons

Training on U. S. East Coast Prepares Marines to "Fire for Record" in South Pacific

Below, a wave of yelling marines jump from their landing boat and plow through the surf to shore. And above, machine gunners quickly set up a position on the beach.

At a U. S. East Coast Port—Somewhere in the Atlantic off North Carolina is a tiny group of uninhabited islands known to the men of the Marine Corps as the "Junior Solomons." These sun-baked, jungle-ridden specks are white, sandy beaches, flanked by tufted dunes. Beyond the dunes is matted undergrowth and dank, fever-infested swamp.

It is as near as you can get to conditions in the Solomons in North America.

Here Marine regiments practice landing operations and jungle warfare in the last stages of their training, before embarking for what they call "firing for record" in the South Pacific.

Trainees here are young, eager, brutal in their desire to come to close quarters with the Japs. Most of the men are in their teens, like 19-year-old, 200-pound Pvt. Charles Gorrell, who was a football guard at Spartanburg (S. C.) Junior College when he enlisted, or Pfc. Richard Rhoades, who was a cowpuncher on the Russell Hill cattle ranch at Bakersfield, Calif.

The officers are young, too—almost all of them fresh out of college. The commanding officer of one platoon is Lt. James A. Stranahan of Mercer, Pa., graduate of Wooster College who was studying law at the University of Pittsburgh when the war came along. He would have been the fourth James A. Stranahan to practice law in Mercer.

The most important phase of the marines' advanced training is, of course, the landing operation pictured here. This is like the parachute jump to the paratrooper. After the beachhead is won, the leathernecks dig in and deploy like G.I.s in contact with the enemy.

The landing operation is the same operation as that executed by our own amphibious troops on the coast of North Africa. The men scramble down cargo nets from their transports into Higgins landing boats, usually operated by skilled coast guardsmen. The boats meet at a fixed rendezvous point at sea, just out of range of enemy shore batteries.

The attack is made in a series of waves. Each wave approaches the shore with the boats arranged in Vs aimed at a fixed point on the beach. This formation prevents swell from the advanced boats from upsetting those in the rear. It also presents a smaller target to the enemy on shore, and allows machine guns in the bow of each Higgins boat to sweep the entire stretch of beach.

The early waves almost always consist of riflemen, machete-men and machine-gunners, whose job is to clean the beach of the enemy so that heavy equipment can be landed. The last waves are almost always engineers, whose job is to construct fixed positions on the newly-won beach, build roads inland, and set up command posts.

Pharmacist's mates from the Navy go along in an early wave to administer first aid to wounded marines in the field. These pharmacist's mates are peculiar hybrids, allowed to wear either the Navy or Marine Corps uniforms, with Navy chevrons stitched to their sleeve. William Gates, PhM2C, a chemistry student at Penn State before the war, says, "I wear the Marine uniform. It's healthier."

These trainees act like our own G.I.s. In a Higgins boat, they go to sleep or yell disparaging remarks about the ancestry of the platoon in the next boat of the formation. They kid each other about getting seasick and about their home towns. When they hit the shore, they get mad and tough. They whoop and holler, and yell obscene, terrible things about Wake Island and Bataan.

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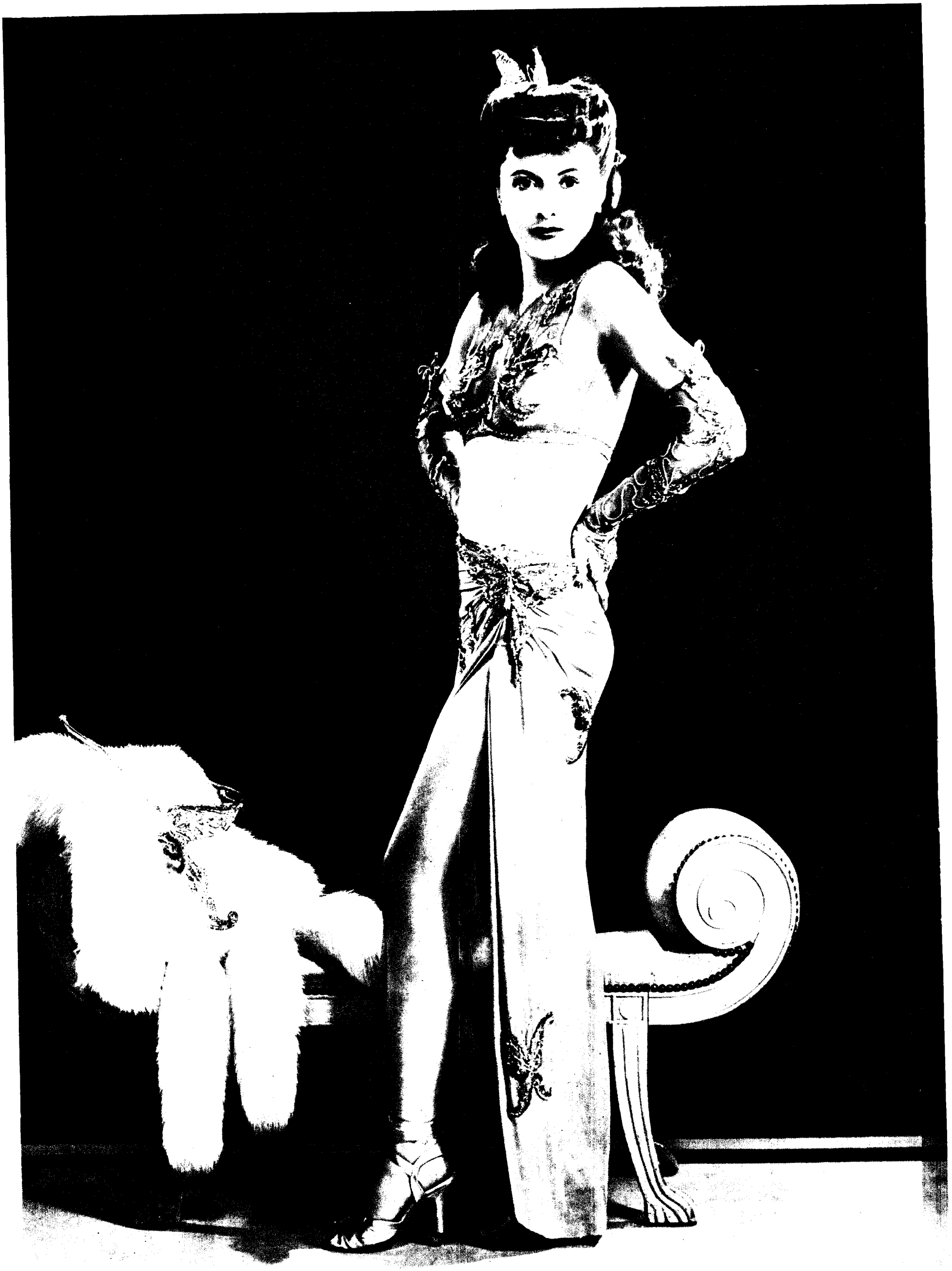

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EVENING MORNING REPORT

HOLLYWOOD—Latest Hollywood split-up: Judy Garland and David Rose; he's now in the Army. . . . Charlie Chaplin proposes re-issuing "The Kid" with sound added. . . . Rita Hayworth is in an argument with her studio; she objected to the role she was to play in "My Client Curly" and Columbia suspended her. . . . Gross receipts rate "Shores of Tripoli" the most popular film of the year in Army camps, with "Son of Fury" and "Sergeant York" next. . . . Add things we hoped we'd never see: Gary Cooper is to sing "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" in his next picture. . . . Jack Holt goes to the Quartermaster Corps at Fort Reno, Okla., as a captain. Cpl. William Halop of Camp Woods, N. Y. used to be Billy Halop of the Dead End Kids. And two big fellows, Broderick Crawford and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams, are wearing G.I. shoes at the Atlantic City (N. J.) Army Air Basic Training Center.

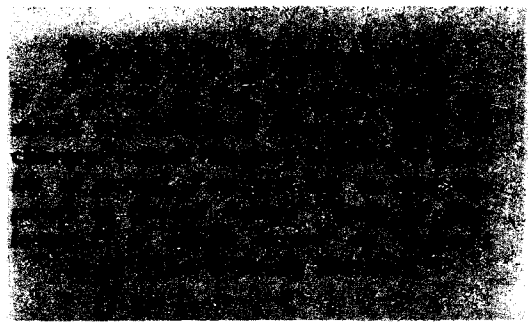
Judy Garland

MUSIC—Duke Ellington's concert at New York's Carnegie Hall was a great success; it was by way of celebrating his twentieth year as a band leader. . . . Sunny Dunham is the latest orchestra leader to wow 'em in New York. . . . Horace Heidt's band has already given 16 men to the armed forces, is on the verge of giving five more. . . . Latest round-up of band leaders in the armed forces: Army—Gene Auld, Dick Jurgens, Dean Hudson, Emerson Gill, Michael Loring, Cecil Golly, Glenn Miller, Pancho, Bobby Day; Navy—Wayne King, Buddy Clark, Orrin Tucker, Claude Thornhill, Bobby Parks, Clyde McCoy, Sam Donahue, Artie Shaw, Emil Valazco, Emery Deutsch; Coast Guard—Rudy Vallee, Dick Stabile; Merchant Marine—Ted Weems, Phil Harris, Gerald Marks; RCAF—Duke Daly.

Duke Ellington

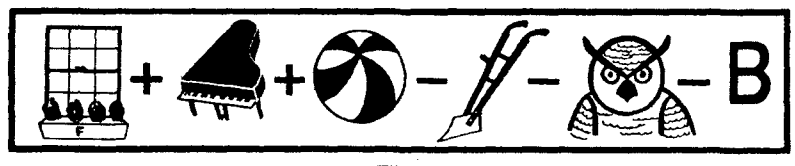
HERE AND THERE—When Lt. Comdr. Jack Dmpsey sued for divorce and named Lew Jenkins as co-respondent, the newspapers didn't print that Jenkins is taking boot training at the Manhattan Beach Coast Guard Station where Dempsey is in charge of athletic drill. . . . Bob Hope is top man on the two latest radio polls. . . . Joan Bennett is writing a book called "How to Keep Attractive." Offhand answer: be a daughter of Richard Bennett. . . . Greer Garson has been given an honorary degree by Rollins College. . . . Phil Baker says Hitler's new book should be called "Mein Cramp." And Jack Haley quips that every woman wants to hold her youth, but the draft board won't let her.

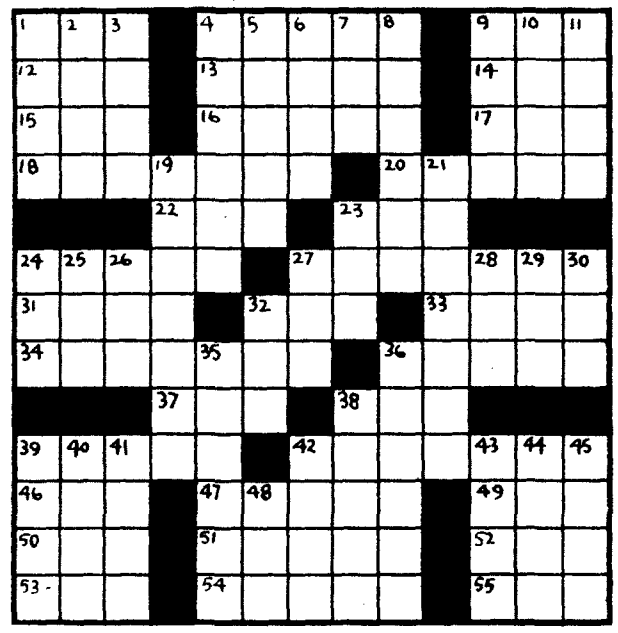
Joan Bennett



DOUBLE PUZZLE

First solve the Picture Puzzle below. Do this by adding or subtracting the letters which spell the names of the objects shown. The result will be one of the 48 States. Fill this into the Crossword Puzzle (21 Down). Then proceed with the rest of the puzzle.





ACROSS
1. Feline
4. Tree
9. Employ
12. Exist
13. Girl's name
14. Skillet
15. Males
16. Mentions
17. Worn out
18. Inventors' rights
20. Slight colorings
22. Fish eggs
23. Japanese money
24. Claw
27. Hawker
31. Rome, Berlin, Tokyo
32. Three strikes
33. Jot
34. Trusting
36. Enemy nation
37. Mineral deposit
38. Play on words
39. Hurt
42. Ceremonial formations of troops
46. Spike of corn
47. Giraffe-like animal
49. Wholly
50. Radio personality
51. Speed contests
52. Allied nation
53. Definite article
54. Begin
55. Beseech

DOWN
1. An army's place of shelter
2. Region
3. Soldier's shelter
4. Artillery piece
5. Exalt the spirit
6. Obscures
7. Aviator hero
8. Reposed
9. On
10. Sailor (colloq.)
11. Football players
19. Wearing away
21. (Solve the Picture Puzzle)
23. Nevertheless
24. Sailor
25. Cutting tool
26. Girl's nickname
27. Overhand throw (athletics)
28. Trim
29. Greek letter
30. Fled
32. Single
35. Enthusiasms
36. One versed in the law
38. Journal
39. Past of "go"
40. Solemn attestation
41. Force onward
42. South American rodent
43. Smear
44. Otherwise
45. Cinder
48. Arabic shrub

Solution on page 22.

"They only gave him credit for 23 and he knows positively that he got 31."

COMPANY STREET

Pvt. Samuel T. Wilson of **Fort Knox,** Ky., now drills where he used to hunt and trap. Before he enlisted Wilson sold 1000 acres of his farm to the Army. The land was made part of Fort Knox. . . . Vice President Wallace challenged an unnamed sergeant from Iowa to a wrasslin' match, country style, at a Washington (D. C.) Canteen. The Vice President won, without taking off his coat. . . . Last June at **Fort Thomas** (Ky.) Induction Center, a "fellow with stripes on his sleeves" told Inductee William Harris to "scram." Harris scrammed. Acquitted recently of draft evasion, Pvt. Harris, inducted again at Fort Thomas, explained: "I ain't a man of very great education." . . . A hill-billy recruit at **Scott Field,** Ill., can't count over 10, so he referees camp boxing bouts. . . . Trained sentry dogs are replacing MPs at key installation points at **Fort Sill,** Okla. . . . Syrian G.I.s at **Fort Houston,** Tex., who crave *shish kebab* and other native dishes have been invited to dig in at private Syrian homes in Houston.

Pvt. Walter Hancock, **Camp Livingston,** La., gets $1550 plus his regular 50 bucks next pay day. He won the War Department award for the best design of the new Army Air medal. . . . First WAAC basketball team has been organized at **Fort Sheridan,** Ill. . . . While fresh-rated Cpl. Tom Wright of **Fort Moultrie,** Ga., sewed on his new stripes, a pal painted a set on Wright's fatigues. That night Cpl. Wright, wearing fatigues, took a walk, got razzed everywhere; the stripes had been marked with luminous paint. . . . The first class of Chinese flying cadets graduated at **Marana Basic Flying School,** Ariz. . . . Pvt. Melvin Ladenoff is a cook at **Camp Stoneman,** Calif.; at Roanoke, Ill., he's the mayor. . . . Pfc. Robert Pfeiffer of **Pine Camp,** N. Y., got a two-pound box of candy from his girl for Christmas. Broke but thoughtful, Pfc. Pfeiffer mailed her a pound from the same box, for *her* Christmas present.

While Pvt. Will Herman Voeller of **Fort MacArthur,** Calif., was a captain in the German Air Force in the first World War, he brought down 20 Allied planes. . . . The hand that shook the hand of Adolf Hitler now teaches Judo holds at **Camp Wood,** N. Y. Pfc. George Nemchik was on the U. S. soccer team at the 1936 Olympics at Berlin, Germany, and met Der Feuhrer at a banquet in a Berlin hotel. Said Pfc. Nemchik: "If I only knew then what I know now—boy!" Pvt. Dayo L. LaSarge of **Pine Camp,** N. Y., got two years hard labor for two days AWOL by a general court martial. It was his sixth AWOL conviction. . . . Excerpts from a letter by Lt. Jim Morton of **Fort Benning,** Ga.: "We marched 147 miles in four days—through chill rain and red mud. I couldn't get into my boots the fourth day so I marched the last 32 miles barefoot. Am I tough now. P. S. I expect to be out of the hospital in a few days."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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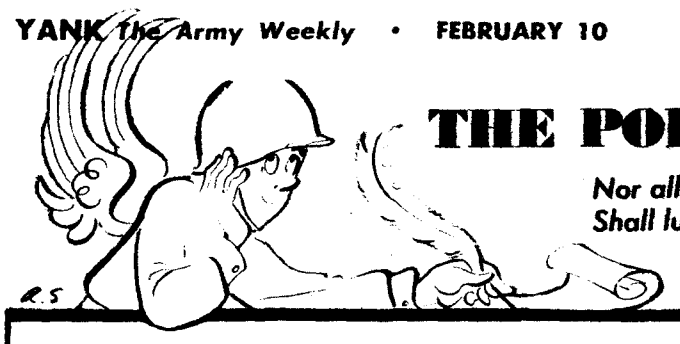

THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

ALERT

The beams of light, like giant scissors, snip the sky to shreds.
See! Two have met and cross above the chapel on the hill!
Now satisfied, they flicker out, and stars fall back in place—
The threat is gone, but nerves are tight; alert, the land is still.

Oh the fingers of light are out tonight
Probing the fringe of mist,
And the outpost lines under jungle vines
Are waiting with mailed fist.

Hark! The beat of giant feet across the star-strewn floor!
The million-candled fingers leap and point where wings are bared;
But now the word dit-dits between, and friend is greeting friend:
The beams flick off; again the land is taut, alert, prepared.

Oh the pencils of light are eager to write
A one-way ticket to hell.
Dream on, my sweet, in your distant retreat—
Dream on, we are watching well!

—Lt. ROBERT G. RASHID
14th Inf., New Orleans, La.

CHOW NOTE

At the mess hall over a tough beef stew
A friend of mine said, "Pal, I'm through,
It's time to switch to the enemy
When the Infantry swallows the Cavalry."

—Sgt. WALTER STEWART
Army Flying School, Greenville, Miss.

DOES VICTORY DEPEND ON ME?

I am the butt of the soldier's joke,
At me the sailors their lampoons poke.
Does victory depend on me,
The limited service, bedevilled MP?

With stalwart heart, if quavering stand,
I take the situation well in hand
When the husky marine is on a spree,
The "off limits" sentinel, the sober MP.

When the carrot-fed aviator, daring and sky-eyed,
Misses his train because he is pie-eyed,
I steady his step because, you see,
That's a limited service of the grounded MP.

I guard the work of the steady man
Who works to build the best he can
The ships, the planes, the guns,—you see,
My service is limited to just MP.

Armed with a night stick, a brassard and whistle,
In rain and snow, I hope that this'll
Somehow help in the victory—
The limited service of the poor MP.

Poor vision, fallen arches, overage or too short,
I do the duties of a catch-all sort
For the men who got credit for victory—
The "behind the scenes," the bedevilled MP.

When the heroes come home with adulation,
I'll make up the army of occupation
And stay on the job for victory—
The unlimited service of the poor MP.

I walk my post in a military manner.
There is little glory to tinsel my banner.
Does victory depend on me,
The limited service of the poor MP?

Please, God, when you've handed round the glory,
Find a place at the end of the thrilling story
For the contribution to victory
Of the limited service, bedevilled MP!

—Cpl. DENIS McGENTY
Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.

SOIREE

You sing a song or two
And you have a little chat,
You make a little candy fudge
And then you take your hat.
You take her hand and say "goodnight,"
As sweetly as you can.
Ain't that a hell of an evening
For a great big healthy man?

USN —DOUG WILSON, Y1c

JUST A PRIVATE

You can have your deeds of glory,
All your tasks so nobly done,
But if not for all the privates
Then this war could not be won.
Master minds may plan the battles
And strategic things to do,
Yet it's just a lowly private
Who must carry these things through.
So next time you drink to heroes
Who are known from coast to coast,
Just think of the simple private
And then drink another toast.

—Pvt. HYMAN LAZAROWITZ
Canada

A FIGHTER'S LAMENT

I am sitting here and thinking
Of the things I left behind;
And I'd like to put in writing
What is running through my mind.
We have dug a million ditches
And have cleared 10 miles of ground.
We have drunk our beer and whisky
In every honky-tonk in town.
But there is one consolation,
Gather round while I tell:
"When we die we'll go to Heaven,
For we have done our stretch in Hell."

We have built a million kitchens,
For the cooks to burn our beans;
We have stood a million guard mounts,
And we have cleaned the camp latrines.
We have washed a million mess kits,
And peeled a million spuds,
And killed a million snakes and ants
That have tried to steal our grub.
When our work on earth is ended,
Then our friends on earth will tell:
"When they died they went to Heaven,
For they've done their stretch in Hell."

When the final taps have sounded,
When we lay aside life's cares,
When we stand our last inspection
On those shining golden stairs,
The angels will welcome us,
Their golden harps will play;
And we will draw a million canteen checks
And spend them in a day.
It is there we will hear St. Peter
Tell us loudly with a yell:
"Take a seat, you boys from the desert,
For you've done your stretch in Hell."

—This poem came to YANK the same day from Sgt. CLYDE HOGUE, Panama, and Pvt. PAUL F. CHENOWETH, India.

ARMY NURSES

Army nurses
Are unimpressed by curses.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT
Scott Field, Ill.

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

There's quite a resemblance between this picture of myself and the one of that fellow over there that's causing all this trouble, so I'm not bragging about it.

The gang says it's the best one they've seen, so I figured the best thing to do with it would be to send it to YANK to do with it what you please.

Newfoundland —Pvt. FRANK KNECHT

Dear YANK:

It is too damn bad that there isn't some way to get YANK to the boys out here at the fighting fronts. The boys just eat it up. There is nothing they would like more than to get it regularly. As it is we have received about five issues and all of them were about three to five months old.

—2nd Lt. ROBERT E. LONGSTRETH
Middle East

Dear YANK:

I wish I could tell you about my squadron but censorship forbids. But I can say the French are very glad we are here. The civilians seem very friendly, the French soldiers are quite chummy with us, and the French girls are quite pretty.

—Cpl. XAVIER M. BROCK JR.
Overseas

Dear YANK:

At last the true facts of the Alcan Highway have emerged, thanks to YANK of Dec. 2. You bet it's been no "G.I. glamorized picnic"—it's been a "G.I. nightmare." Where's all that "G.I. recreation and entertainment" that Pfc. Janov raves about?

Alcan Highway —T-5 G. W. GRADY

WD says its "on the way." By this time we hope it's arrived.

Dear YANK:

91. SALUTE WITH THE HAND (fig. 1).—*a.* With the addition of the WAVES and the WAACs to the regular armed forces the salute is hereby revised to meet the existing conditions. Whenever meeting a WAAC or WAVE officer (or for that matter an enlistee) the following salute is given: 1) Raise the *left* hand as in an ordinary salute. 2) Raise the *right* hand as in an ordinary salute. 3) Lean forward from the waist at a 30° angle, at the same time emitting a long low whistle. The facial expression should remain in as near a smile as the conformation of the man permits.

—T/Sgt. MYRON NEWMAN
Camp Stewart, Ga.

Dear YANK:

I am a classification clerk at the Lake Charles Army Flying School and just to illustrate how really difficult the job is, the following is a typical telegramed order: EXPEDITE AT ONCE STOP RESCINDED.

Of course the order is short, pithy, military and to the point. But what is the point? That is the question and that is my job. Do you sympathize with me?

—Cpl. SAMUEL GEO. GOLDSTEIN
Lake Charles Army Flying School, La.

Dear YANK:

How about a little more photos and news about colored troops at home and abroad. After all we're Yanks too, even if we do have a dark way of showing it.

—Pfc. ROBERT A. PAUL
Camp Livingston, La.

You'll find something on pp. 20, 21 of this issue in the story of the "Alcan Epic."

Dear YANK:

The picture and letter about Pfc. Moroschak [YANK, Dec. 23] and his "rather unique physical appearance" was very interesting to us guys here. How do we know that beautiful hunk of man really is Pfc. Moroschak? How do we know he only weighed 160 pounds when he came into the Army, and was not very muscular? And all that schmaltz about his physical development after six months at Shelby. A lot of us served in Camp Shelby. You can't tell us that Pfc. Moroschak got that way after six months *there*. Why, there isn't a chigger bite on the guy.

—Pvt. MYRON R. PLESCHET
Camp Blanding, Fla.

Dear YANK:

When this outfit landed in Alaska over a year and a half ago, most of the lads began itching to get a crack at the old billy goats that moseyed around the cliffs nearby. But the Alaskan game laws said "no." Then, unbeknowenst to the goats, the game laws were modified to permit us to buy hunting licenses after a year's residence.

Two of our sergeants took off to the hills one afternoon where they jumped a rugged old billy which took off down the hill. Sgt. No. 1 fired and missed but Sgt. No. 2 caught the old guy with an M1 slug right amidships of his nether extremity. The goat didn't stop but was slowed down sufficiently for Sgt. No. 1 to catch up with him.

After a short debate, Old Billy was led by the horns, under his own power, out of the hills to a spot where he could be carried to camp where he was shot. Is that ingenuity or just plain laziness?

—T/Sgt. TOM E. CLARKE
Alaska

First Day *Last Day*

Dear YANK:

Let these pictures be sound advice to all men expecting to take a trip on a transport. Don't start your trip with a Hollywood haircut, or you will wind up looking something like this.

Pacific —F. A. SCANLAND, S1/c, USN

Dear YANK:

A letter was mailed from Atlanta, Ga., to me at Fort Benning. Then it was sent to my old company at Indiantown Gap Mil. Res., Pa., to my new company to A P O, Postmaster, New York, to my outfit overseas, back to New York, to Casual Det., Indiantown Gap, to Miami Beach, Fla. (Air Force), to the Flex. Gunnery School, Fort Myers, Fla., to Nashville, Tenn. and finally caught up with me at Santa Ana, Calif. It was almost five months getting there.

And what did the letter contain? An application blank for Georgia license tags for a car that had been sold for over four months!

—A/C LAWRENCE H. VIEL
Rankin Aeronautical Academy, Tulare, Calif.

Dear YANK:

In your Dec. 16 issue under strictly G.I. the Jersey City QM Depot gives their version of the origin of the term "shavetail" for second lieutenants. If they would consult some of the older officers who saw service in the last war they would find that the term originated from the fact that the tails of the unbroken mules were shaven so they could be separated from the trained.

—2nd Lt. JOE G. WHEELER
Fort Benning, Ga.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 35
FEB. 10, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

THE AFRICAN CONFERENCE

THE AFRICAN MEETING between President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and other leaders of the United Nations was proof, if any was needed, that democracies can get together in a united cause.

The fact that the Allies are in complete agreement on what to do in this war and now have resources enough to carry out the job has two big implications.

First: the politicians and the military are moving together and they know where they're going. That means no delay; no hesitation. It means pounding the Axis on all fronts according to a positive plan. It means getting the war won at the earliest possible time. From now on every blow puts us closer to the knockout.

Second: the fact that the Allies reached unanimous agreement on conduct of the war proves that they also can get together on the peace that follows this war. What's been done once can be done again.

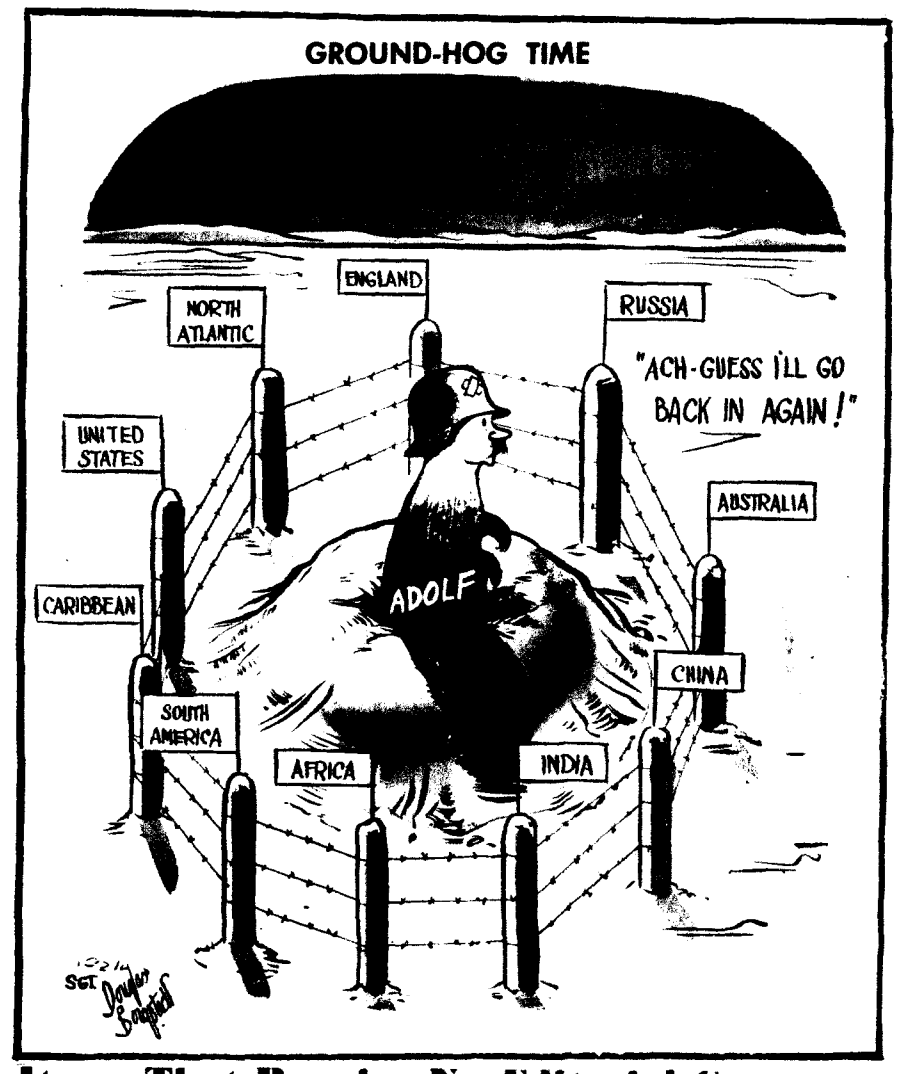
For the first time we can begin to think about winning the peace that follows this war. We must not win the war and lose the peace, as we did last time.

Most of us have pretty definite ideas by now on what we're fighting for. The fox holes and lousy jungles and torturing deserts and death-threatened ships at sea get men back to fundamental thinking about a civilization throughout the world that, under God, will endure with freedom and justice for all. And the nubbin of that last statement is the final two words—*for all.*

There is probably not a man, woman or child in all the United Nations who is not in some way fighting this war. There is no distinction made in the war between peoples or races, classes or causes, groups or ideals.

If we are all good enough to fight, we are all good enough to share in the peace. The peace must prevent the reappearance of the kind of men and ideas that juggle our world for their own selfish benefit.

The peace must be a victory for all who have shared this war. And now, having proved we can unite for the war and having set out to win it, perhaps we should start thinking about the Battle of the Peace.



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Buttons Again

SADDEST NOTE about the plastic button situation is that all G.I.s are going to have to sew them on themselves. The QMC will issue needles, thread, and instructions with the buttons, and your nearest corporal will probably be happy to give you sewing lessons.

New buttons are already going to manufacturers of overcoats and blouses for use on future deliveries. The change-over for men already in the service will come first to overseas troops. Then the men at staging areas will make the change, and finally the units in the U. S. It can't happen all at once, says the QMC, because the change-over has to be geared to the production of buttons.

The new buttons will be olive drab plastic of the same design as the brass ones. The QMC figures they will save 365,000 pounds of brass in 1943.

The change-over applies to brass insignia too. Wearers of regimental and battalion insignia may keep what they have, but the manufacture of new ones is being stopped.

All Steel and Double-Edged

The Ordnance Department has just standardized a new knife for sticking Japs, and it's a honey. Knife, trench, M3, it's called. It's a blue steel job, with an eight-inch blade, double-edged about half way, and has a grooved rawhide handle guaranteed not to slip in your hand. Handy for stabbing, slicing or throwing.

Supply Items

The QMC has ordered knitting mills to make shorts, undershirts and long winter underwear in regulation khaki instead of white. Reason for the change: white undies flapping from the clothes line attract enemy aircraft. . . . Because shaving is difficult and sometimes dangerous in extremely low temperatures, beard clippers are being shipped to Yanks in Arctic regions. Beards must be trimmed to prevent ice forming in them, the QMC reveals.

Wedding Bans

Yanks stationed overseas may marry if they receive permission from their superiors, but it's a honeymoon in the guardhouse if they wed without an official OK. To be on the safe side permission should be sought in writing two months before the intended wedding.

Valuable Antique

A medal designed by George Washington in 1782 will be back in circulation in 1943. The War Department is dusting off the Legion of Merit and will award it to the officers and enlisted men of all branches of the armed forces of this country and of friendly nations for "extraordinary fidelity and essential service."

A Smear Campaign

A poor substitute for real men (but nevertheless gratifying to the girls who work in defense factories) are the War Bond posters of soldiers, sailors and marines. Some posters are not up a day without being kissed. The girls rouge their lips, then roll their heads while kissing the poster, making a perfect imprint.

No Benny Goodman?

Played hot or sweet, it must be Aryan jive, is the substance of a decree issued by the Tojo government and broadcast triumphantly on the Berlin radio. Residents owning American or British phonograph records must surrender them to the authorities, and the only foreign records obtainable in Japan will be of German or Italian origin, the decree ordered. "Particular importance," it was noted sternly, "is attached to the suppression of American jazz music."

Who's Crazy Now?

Operating possibly on the theory that the best Nazi soldiers are the crazy ones, the German medical journal, *Deutche Medizinische Wochenschrift,* recommends that doctors who examine recruits okay "Slight mental cases, perverts, cases of split personality, epileptics, hysterical men and any who suffer from mental deficiency or the first symptoms of creeping paralysis."

School News

A Dutch Nazi teacher complained in *De Storm*, poopsheet for Nazi Storm Troopers, that Dutch teachers are using textbooks to spread anti-Nazi propaganda. He quoted these sentences from a language textbook entitled "German in One Year," a book, incidentally, which had become strangely popular among Dutch students:

"Our Queen is named Wilhelmina. . . . He warns the enemy. . . . Will the Queen return tomorrow? . . . Pray and work. . . . The subjects of our Queen love their monarch. . . . This war destroys prosperous towns and turns fertile lands into wilderness. . . . Long live the Queen."

A lot of school time, he further said, was being used to conjugate the verb, "to be hungry."

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Sgt. John Bushemi. 6, left, Acme; right, INP. 7, AAF. 8, YANK Staff. 9, top left, PA; bottom, INP. 10, Armd. Force, Fort Knox, Ky. 11, Acme. 12, Sgt. Georg Meyers. 13, Sgt. George Aarons. 15, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 16, United Artists. 17, top, M-G-M; center, Acme; bottom, Columbia Pictures. 20, Engr. News-Record. 21, left, U. S. Army Engr; top right & center, U. S. Army; bottom right, WW. 22, Acme. 23, top, Acme; bottom, INP.

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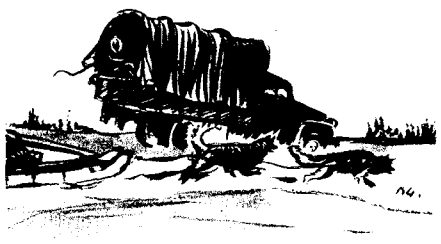
Alcan Epic

The final break-through: Cpl. Refines Sims Jr. (left) and Pvt. Alfred Jalufka shake hands where their bulldozers met.



Negro engineers built one third of the Alaska-Canada Army Highway. Here's their story of road-making over the toughest kind of terrain.

By RICHARD NEUBERGER
YANK Field Correspondent

WHITEHORSE, YUKON TERRITORY—In the dark spruce forests near the international boundary between Alaska and Canada's vast Yukon Territory, a Negro corporal from far-off Philadelphia, Pa., guided his bulldozer along the rocky shores of Beaver Creek. As he jounced across a low ridge, Refines Sims Jr. thought he heard the crunching of another bulldozer far ahead. But he wasn't sure. He crossed another ridge, and still another.

Suddenly he saw spruce saplings commencing to topple towards him. He slammed his lumbering "cat" into reverse and it bolted backwards. Through the green wall of the forest shot another bulldozer. It nearly touched the Negro's machine before its white driver could stop. For nearly a full minute Cpl. Sims and Pvt. Alfred Jalufka of Kennedy, Tex., sat and looked at each other.

Then they realized the significance of what had happened. In the Arctic twilight, crews working from both ends of the Alcan Highway at last had met. The Great North Road, a road dreamed of by Americans since the time of President Lincoln, had been cut through. This meeting in the wilderness between the colored soldier and the white soldier symbolized the breaking of the final forest and mountain barrier on the fabulous 1,630-mile highway to Alaska.

The bumping of the bulldozers piloted by Sims and Jalufka was symbolic not alone of the completion of the road to Alaska but also of the manner of its construction. The first land route in history linking America with its largest territory has been a product of Negro and white troops of the U. S. Army. Their mutual effort is responsible for what Prime Minister King of Canada has called "an enduring contribution to the well-being of both our great nations."

Road-building is difficult at best. In the desolate and uncharted Arctic wastes it is a task of Herculean proportions. Much of the region penetrated by the Alcan Highway was blank space on the maps before the Army came through. A few Indians had been there, and occasionally a lone trapper or a patrol of scarlet-coated Mounties. Yet even on the charts in the Royal Mounted barracks at Whitehorse and Dawson the route of the road was not fully reconnoitered. "You have both explored and built," Inspector William Grennan, commanding the RCMP in the Yukon Territory, told Brig. Gen. James A. O'Connor, head of the Northwest Service Command which operates the Alcan Highway.

"Some day," said Gen. O'Connor, "the achievements of these colored soldiers—achievements accomplished far from their homes—will occupy a major place in the lore of the North Country."

The story of the thrusting of the bridge across the Sikanni Chief River is part of that lore. Around the evening campfires, when old-timers tell tales of the '98 *cheechakoes* and the Hudson's Bay Company and the Royal Mounted, they also talk about the American Negro soldiers who bridged the Sikanni Chief in 84 hours.

Four-Day Goal for Two-Week Job

Down from the ramparts of the Canadian Rockies the Sikanni Chief brings its cargo of glacial water. Its current races at 10 miles an hour. It is flecked with innumerable rapids. Engineers estimated at least two weeks as the time required to span it. The Negro contingent at mile 119 out of Fort St. John decided to do the job in four days. Along the trails the report spread; men on pack horses carried it from camp to camp. Monthly salaries were wagered.

To add competition to the venture, one group

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started from the south bank of the river, the other, taken across on rafts, began from the north shore. In the Arctic summer the soldiers worked the clock around. Waist deep in the icy river, they pounded piling and nailed planks. S/Sgt. James A. Price of Baltimore and Sgt. Gordon Brawley of Lewiston, N. C., led the northern section; the group from the south bank was headed by 1st Sgt. Herbert Tucker of Washington, D. C., and S/Sgt. Thomas Bond of Alexandria, Va.

Miracle Achieved Ahead of Time

In the Canadian forest solitudes, these Negro soldiers performed a construction miracle. S/Sgt. Harvey Walker of Burgess Store, Va., and Pvt. Allen Hickens of Chillicothe, Ohio, selected the spruce and pine trees which were to be the bridge timbers. Cruising through the woods, they blazed the best spars for the fallers. Their selections had to be straight and true, for bridges on the Alcan Highway are buffeted by crushing ice jams.

The bridge carpenters were Pfcs. Don Wilmore of Philadelphia, Pa., and Otis Waldrum of Wheeling, W. Va. These men worked and ate, and went back and worked some more. At midnight company cooks brought hot coffee and biscuits out onto the piling and partially-finished deck. Stringers, carpenters and spikers went 30 hours at a stretch without sleep. The 166 colored soldiers toiling on the bridge had promised the regiment up ahead at Fort Nelson that the structure would be ready for traffic in four days.

At high noon of the fourth day, 84 hours after construction commenced, Pvt. Walter Henry of Philadelphia, Pa., drove a command car across the Sikanni Chief River. The bridge held the load without a tremor. The Negro troops had beaten by half a day the objective which veteran engineers considered nearly impossible.

Sgt. Walter Simon of Brooklyn, N. Y., editor of the mimeographed *Alcan Dispatch*, wrote in his camp paper: "We're a lucky outfit, lucky because we are good. If we weren't, we could never have been chosen to do this job. We can't afford to lose all, our reputation, our own personal pride, by 'slipping up.' It's tough going, it will be tougher, but our will to see this 'baby' through will keep that road going, as the miles flatten out under our D-8 bulldozers. Fort Nelson, see that cloud of dust getting nearer and nearer? That's us building the Alaska-Canada Highway."

Chaplain E. G. Carroll

The pride of the troops in this accomplishment was demonstrated the following Sunday when they formally dedicated their handiwork. Honor guests were Gen. O'Connor and William Hazlett Upson, collecting background material for his "Earthworm Tractor" stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Cpl. Timothy Wamack of Americus, Ga., played "I'll Never Turn Back" on a hand organ. A record was played of Marian Anderson singing "Ave Maria." A colored chaplain, Capt. Edward G. Carroll of Washington, D. C., told the soldiers, "We have built this bridge as a symbol of service to the democracy which we love." And he added: "Unless the Lord builds a house, they labor in vain who build it."

Then the troops stood on the bridge which they had constructed across the mountain torrent and, in the heart of the Canadian fastnesses, sang the anthem of their homeland. As the last echoes of "The Star-Spangled Banner" were flung back on the wind from the Rockies, the soldiers broke rank and began starting up their bulldozers and trucks for the long push ahead.

The work of the Negro regiments on the Alcan Highway is studded with stories like this. From rafts they bridged the hurtling 15-mile current of the Racing River. The grip of winter had fastened on the British Columbia wilderness and it was too cold for men to work in the water. Using empty oil drums and logs cut and trimmed on the shore, they fashioned rafts from which the entire bridge was built. Not a soldier got his feet wet, even though the piling had to be pounded into place with sledge hammers rather than with pile-driving equipment.

S/Sgts. John Ross of Beltsville, Md., and John L. Wilson of Portsmouth, Va., built 44 log culverts in four days. S/Sgt. James A. Price of Baltimore, Md., supervised the blasting of more than a score of cuts through Sikanni Mountain. "If that fellow was a civilian I'd hire him in two shakes," a Canadian contractor told Gen. O'Connor. "He's the best demolition man I ever saw."

When ice floes as big as grand pianos were bumping at bridge piers, Sgt. Price blasted them to fragments without damaging the structure of the bridge. When his commanding officer complimented him for the feat, Price gave credit to Cpl. George Hack of Philadelphia, Pa., who built the bridge abutments. All along the 1,630 miles of road—a road which Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson has described as "a monument to the officers and men of our Army"—Negro soldiers have completed difficult and taxing assignments.

Many lyrical words have been written about the beauties of Alaska and the Canadian Northwest, but the building of a road through this vast region has been one of the war's sternest tasks.

Hardships, Heroics—and Humor

It is one thing to build a road leisurely, with ample time, with sources of supply near at hand. To construct a road under pressure, miles from town or village or railway, is a totally different undertaking. That is the kind of job the Alcan Highway has been. The Negroes who bridged the Sikanni Chief and the Racing, who crossed the Alaskan Range, have lived in the chilly tents, eaten monotonous meals of canned meat, gone for days without mail or news from the outside. It has been no picnic. At few places on the globe have troops undergone more sustained hardships.

Chaplain Carroll, a graduate of Columbia University and the Yale School of Divinity, said, "By and large the colored troops coming under my surveillance have adapted themselves to these new surroundings, new work and new climate. A man who used to be a dining car waiter is now one of our best bulldozer operators; a soldier who wrote fiction for pulp magazines is an excellent cook. Cpl. Reilly, one of our finest soldiers, is known all over Detroit for his splendid baritone voice. His singing thrills his comrades on many occasions."

There are humorous as well as heroic stories about the Alcan Highway experiences of the Negro troops. The wilderness at night is grim and dark, and sentry duty is an ominous assignment for a soldier with a lively imagination. In the middle of a stormy night shots, shrieks and yelps suddenly rang out. Sleeping men sat up on their cots; lights were switched on. A frantic sentry came running pell-mell into camp. "A bear! A bear!" he shouted.

Other soldiers put on parkas and grabbed flashlights. They examined the sentry post. Sure enough, there on the ground was a patch of brownish pelt that the valiant sentry had evidently sliced off with his bayonet. It might have even been a grizzly! His comrades lauded him for his bravery and went back to sleep.

In the morning a mongrel dog around the camp appeared with a patch of hide missing. The slice found at the sentry post just matched!

Chaplain Carroll, whose wife and 4-year-old son live in Washington, D. C., has fixed up a library of more-than 500 books in his tent. Contractors and other civilians he has met on the road mail him books whenever they can. Tables and writing paper have been sent by the Fayetteville (N. C.) USO—a helping hand 4,000 miles away. Last summer a British Columbia farmer who had mechanized his ranch gave the men some horseshoes and they pitched them the full 24 hours, under the glow of the midnight sun.

Music, Movies and Mail Help

When Chaplain Carroll, who is a Methodist, organized a band, he had so many volunteers that he says he is sure he had a "bigger organization than Sousa." A religious film entitled "The Power of God" he was asked to show so many times in his tent that the celluloid practically wore out. When the chaplain started off his phonograph record collection with only swing music, he discovered that many of the soldiers wanted to hear opera and the light classics. He sent for Bizet's Carmen, and now he reads the story to the men before playing the score.

The first movie shown in the Negro camps on the road was "The Battle of Midway." When the colored soldiers camped near Fort Nelson in the Rocky Mountains, soldiers who had vanquished the Canadian wilderness saw their comrades in arms vanquishing the Japanese Navy, their cheers filled the chaplain's recreation tent.

Chaplain Carroll reports that the big event along the highway is always the arrival of mail. "The men have a deep and abiding attachment for their homes," he says. "When mail comes in, the soldiers would leave the most luscious repast on earth to get it. Some read the letters right away. Others carefully husband them, opening one a day to make them last as long as possible."

This section is graphic evidence of a heroic job.

U.S. Army Engineers build bridge linking highway.

View of wilderness through which highway passes.

The colored soldiers on the Alcan Highway have received many salutes but probably the most unique was in connection with the ceremony officially opening the road. The night before the formalities, everyone was camped in rude new spruce barracks at Kluane Lake in the Yukon Territory. Souvenir programs had been distributed and autographs were being traded.

Pvt. Philip Bush, Negro soldier from Baltimore, Md., came into one of the barracks. For several moments he eyed the form of Gen. O'Connor, rolled up in a sleeping bag. Finally he gulped hesitantly and walked over and gently shook the canvas. "General, suh," he said, "will you put yuh name on my program for me?"

Gen. O'Connor pushed back the flap of his sleeping bag. He blinked several times. "What'd you say, young man?" he asked.

Pvt. Bush repeated his request. "Sure I will," the general said.

And he did.

While the Negro soldier waited, the commanding general of the Service Command got out of his sleeping bag in his long wool underwear, put on his spectacles, got his fountain pen from his jacket pocket and autographed the program.

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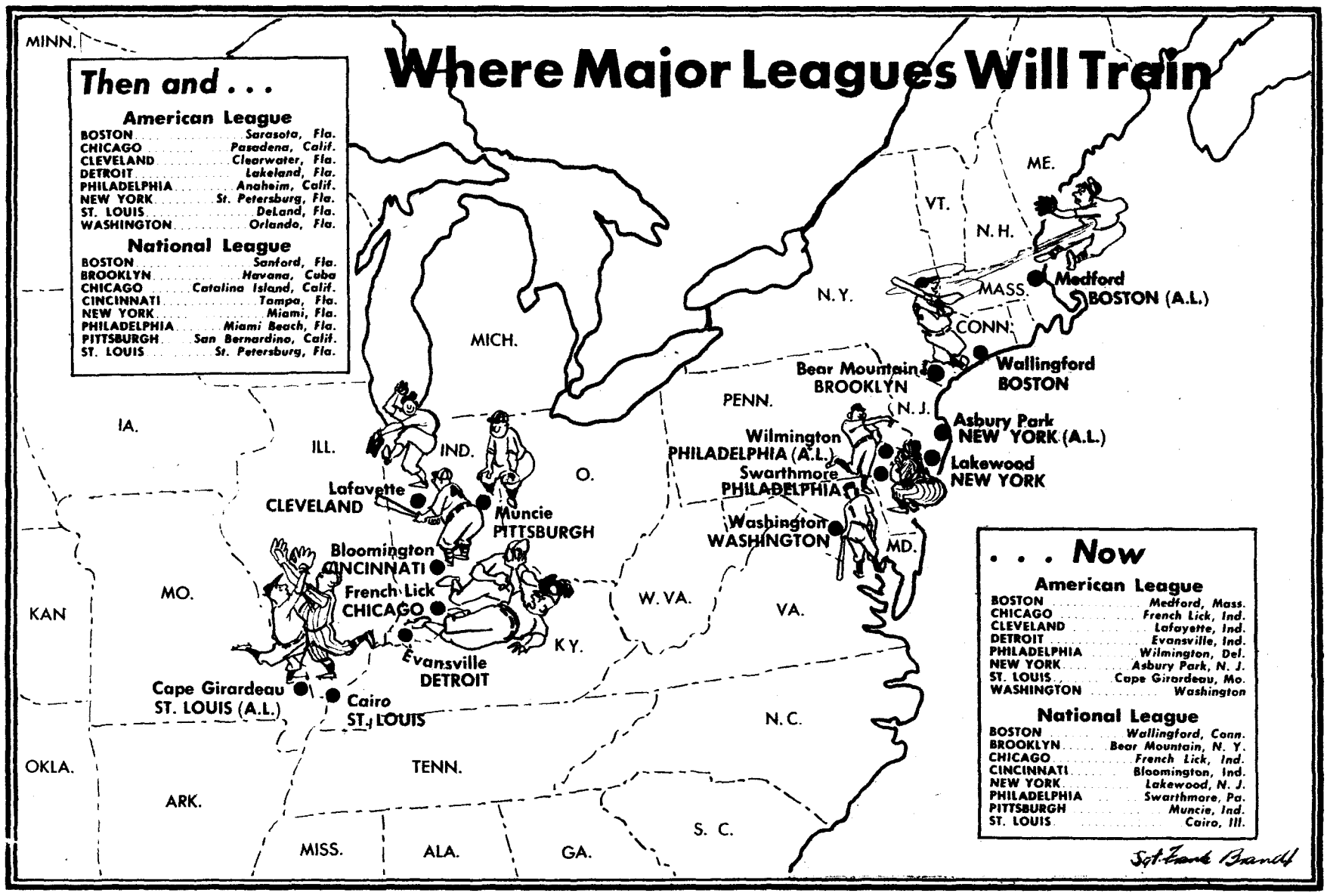


HOME TOWN SPORT NEWS

PITTSBURGH — Clark D. Shaughnessey, a master football strategist and exponent of the T formation, is new head football coach at the University of Pittsburgh, with the rank of full professor. He succeeds Navy-bound Charles Bowser, who followed Jock Sutherland as director of the Panthers. Shaughnessey coached Maryland last season, where he won seven games and lost two.

Cincinnati, Ohio — Joe Choynski, a 74-year-old art collector who fought Jim Corbett at the age of 16, is dead after a year's illness. One of the greatest Jewish heavyweights of all time, Choynski fought Sullivan, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Johnson and McCoy.

Charlotte, N. C.—The Piedmont League announced that it would operate with six clubs during the 1943 season and that Charlotte would not be among them. Five of the teams will be Richmond, Portsmouth, Norfolk, Durham and Lynchburg. The sixth will either be Roanoke or Newport News.

NEW YORK—A glance at these latest standings of the National Hockey League shows that the once mighty New York Rangers haven't won since Dec. 29 when they toppled league-leading Boston, 5-3. In the 11 games since then the Rangers have lost eight and tied three for a .297 average.

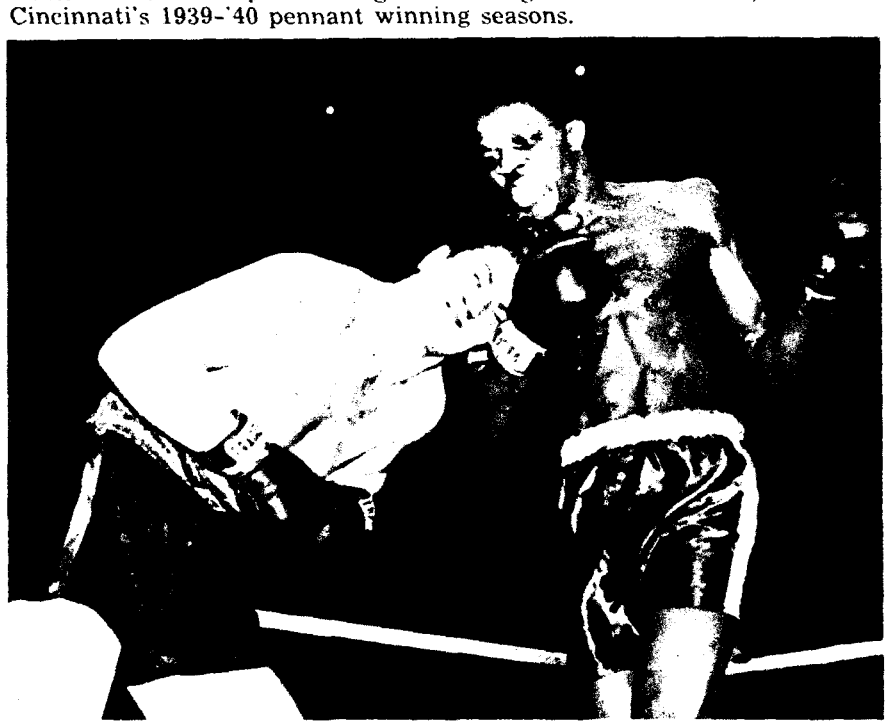
	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Boston	17	12	6	40
Detroit	15	8	9	39
Toronto	16	11	4	36
Chicago	11	10	9	31
Canadiens	10	15	7	27
Rangers	7	20	5	19

Cubs Ready to Go Places With Derringer

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Chicago Cubs, who "needed another pitcher to go places," last week laid $15,000 worth of Phil Wrigley's chewing-gum wrappers on the line for big Paul Derringer, the rousing Red from Cincinnati. Derringer will round out an all-righthanded pitching staff of Bill Lee, Lon Warneke, Claude Passeau, Les Fleming and Tot Pressnell.

A major league veteran of 12 years service, 10 with Cincinnati, Derringer asked to be traded or sold, and the Red management agreed he had been on one team long enough. Derringer gave the Cubs as his preference, and the Cubs took it from there.

Although hampered by an old injury, big Paul worked in 29 games last season, winning 10 and losing 11 for an earned run average of 3.06. His all-time major league record gives him 190 victories against 174 defeats. He won twenty or more games during a season—in 1935, 1938 and Cincinnati's 1939-'40 pennant winning seasons.



COMISKEY CLIPPED. Clayton Worlds (right) prepares to follow through with a left after staggering Pat Comiskey with a right to the head. Eleven thousand fans in Chicago saw Worlds take the decision.

Hutson Most Valuable

Chicago—Don Hutson, of the Green Bay Packers, is the National Football League's Most Valuable player for the second consecutive year—the first player ever to receive the award twice. Only two other players, Pittsburgh's Billy Dudley and Sammy Baugh of Washington, figured in the balloting. Hutson won hands down, grabbing six of the nine first-place votes.

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1. Hockey. 2. Rugby. 3. Handball. 4. Archery. 5. Hunting. 6. Fishing. 7. Chess. 8. Bridge. 9. Golf. 10. Polo.

CAN YOU TIE THIS?
The trick is to fold your arms across your chest *before* picking up the shoelace by each end. Then pull and the knot will form by itself.

CHECKERBOARD STRATEGY
A) Red (King) moves 13 to 17. Black moves 18 to 23. (16 to 20 would lose pronto. See why?)
B) Red moves 17 to 22. Black moves 16 to 20.
C) Red moves 32 to 27. Black jumps 23 to 32.
D) Red moves 22 to 26. Black jumps 20 to 27.
E) Red moves 26 to 31, and WINS, because Black, although two checkers ahead, hasn't got a move on the board!

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SPORTS: YANKS PEDDLE LEFTY GOMEZ TO BOSTON BRAVES WHERE HE'S SURE TO BE SAFE AND CLOSE TO HOME

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

MR. ED BARROW grabbed one of the six telephones on his desk and called up his manager, Mr. Joe McCarthy.

"McCarthy, this is Barrow, your boss. I have a painful duty to perform. I must release our funniest left-handed pitcher."

"Which one?" asked McCarthy.

"Gomez, who else?" said Mr. Barrow. "In all my years of baseball I do not recollect a more distasteful job than releasing Gomez. But the situation demands that we throw sentiment to the Phillies and face the hard facts. Gomez must go!"

"Boss, I think it's our duty to treat Gomez gently," McCarthy said. "He's like my own child. I have raised him from a 130-pound rookie. I put meat on his bones. When he goosed them with the handle of a bat, I saved him from the terrible wrath of 63 umpires who threatened to ban him from baseball."

"McCarthy, I haven't been touched so deeply since I threw $35,000 to the San Francisco Seals for that string-bean 10 years ago," Barrow said. "How do you suggest we treat this thing?"

"Let's sell Gomez to the Boston Braves where he will be safe and close to his home in Lexington," McCarthy said. "That Boston park is huge and those long foul lines and the wind from the Charles River will protect him. For the last couple of seasons I have had a feeling that our 301- and 295-foot left and right fields in the stadium have been much too short for Lefty."

"This is a good idea, McCarthy, if I say so myself and I say so," Barrow said. "I will peddle Gomez to the Braves within the hour."

The Yankees and McCarthy won't be the same without Gomez. He was a furious bundle of nervous energy and he took it all out on McCarthy. During a tight game Lefty would pace up and down or chin himself on a pipe in the dugout or beg McCarthy to put him in the game.

"For God's sake, Gomez, go down to the bull pen or in the clubhouse. Go some place. You're driving me crazy," McCarthy would plead.

On or off the field, Gomez gave McCarthy many anxious moments. Once, with a man on first base, a ball was knocked back to Gomez and he wheeled around and threw to Tony Lazzeri, who was a good 10 feet off second base, instead of to Frankie Crosetti, who was covering the bag.

"What the hell did you throw the ball to me for?" Lazzeri demanded.

Gomez was calm and ready for him. He reached into his hip pocket and brought out a newspaper clipping.

"It says here, Lazzeri, that you are the smartest man in baseball and I was just curious to see what you would do in a spot like that."

When the inning was over McCarthy stalked Gomez as he walked off the mound.

"I want to know why you made that throw to Lazzeri," McCarthy asked.

"Honest, Mack, I was a little confused," Gomez said. "When I looked around there were two fine Italians near the bag and I didn't know which one to throw it to."

"There was another one in centerfield," McCarthy snorted. "Why didn't you throw it to him?"

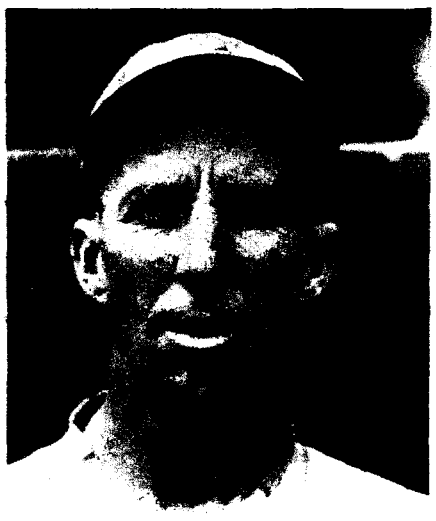
Gomez has reached the end of his string. He still has his bewildering speed, but the magic in his arm is gone. Last year he leaned heavily on Grandma Johnny Murphy to finish almost every game he started. Box scores often read: Winning pitcher, Gomez and Murphy.

Gomez watched the last World Series from the dugout complaining that the Cardinals looked like pickets going from third to home. After the final game Judge Landis dropped by the Yankee dressing room to express his condolences. He walked up to Gomez, offered his hand in sympathy and said:

"Tough luck, Lefty."

"What do you mean tough luck," Gomez asked. "I didn't do nothin'."

"That's the trouble," answered Landis.



Capt. Hank Gowdy

THE FIRST BIG LEAGUER to join the big parade in the first World War, **Old Sarge Hank Gowdy**, is back in the fight again—this time as an infantry captain at Fort Benning, Ga. The 53-year-old Cincinnati Red coach was a color sergeant with the Rainbow Division during the last war. The baseball field at Benning, where he is serving, was named Gowdy Field in his honor some years ago.

Comdr. Gene Tunney is polishing up an ensign's commission for **CPO Billy Soose**, the ex-middleweight champion. Tunney reports that Soose is doing a great physical training job under trying conditions at Kodiak, Alaska. . . . **Pete Reiser**, the Dodger outfielder, has turned up at the Fort Riley (Kans.) Cavalry Replacement Center. Reiser's teammate, **Pee Wee Reese** enlisted in the Navy and is now training at the Norfolk Physical Education School under Tunney.

S/Sgt. Fred Perry of the AAF says he's permanently out of tennis because of an elbow injury he received while playing Bobby Riggs in the Garden last year. "I knew then the arm would never be the same," he explained. "I've gone out on top. Why should I start again at the bottom of the heap?". . . **Skeets Dickey**, Chicago White Sox catcher, is now in Alaska, and his teammate, **Bob Kennedy**, a third baseman, is winning his navy wings of gold at the University of Chicago. . . . **Bill Butland**, Boston Red Sox rookie pitcher, has completed his basic training and has been assigned to a field artillery battery at Camp Gordon, Ga.

Southern Cal. May Be Nation's Top Cagers

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. — Southern California's greatest basketball team in years is well on its way to the Pacific Coast Conference Championship, and before it's through it may wind up in the National playoffs —it's that good.

Nobody is going to stop the Trojans in the southern division of the coast conference. They have trimmed California twice, overpowered Stanford once, and knocked off the UCLA Bruins, who have dropped 41 straight games to Southern Cal in the last 11 years. When the Trojans finish their business in the Southern division they will meet Washington or Oregon State, both in the running for the Northern championship.

While Southern Cal romped toward the coast title, both Illinois and Indiana walloped Iowa to remain in a deadlock at the top of the Big Ten standings. Kansas holds its Big Six lead, Pennsylvania heads the Ivy League, George Washington and Kentucky paced the Southern field, and undefeated NYU topped the Metropolitan league.

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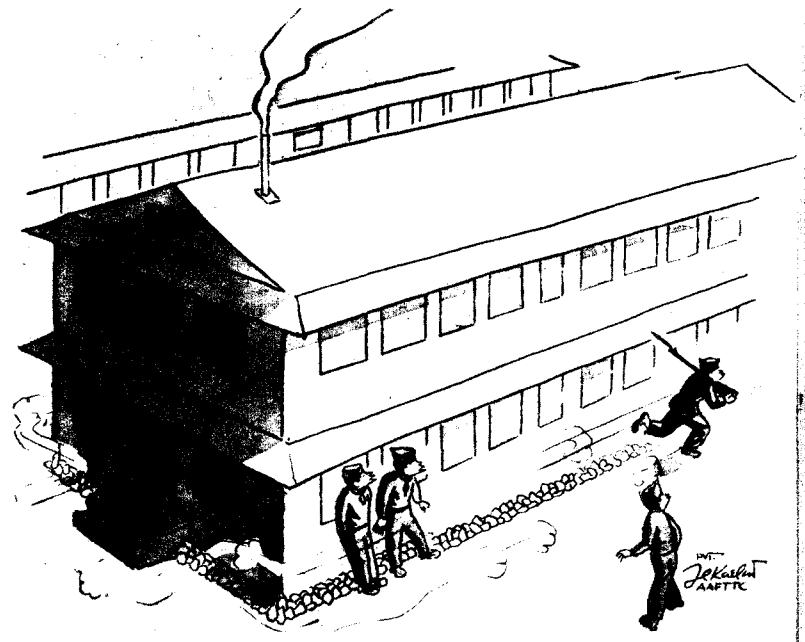
YANK

"THEY'RE OLD SERVICE STATION MEN."



"GURAVITZ SEEMS TO THINK HE'S GONNA GET HIS SENTRY DUTY OVER WITH IN A HURRY."

"WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO BUILD THE CAMOUFLAGE INSTALLATION, SIR."

"NO, JOHNSON, MY ADVICE IS NOT TO TRY TO CATCH UP WITH THE OTHERS."

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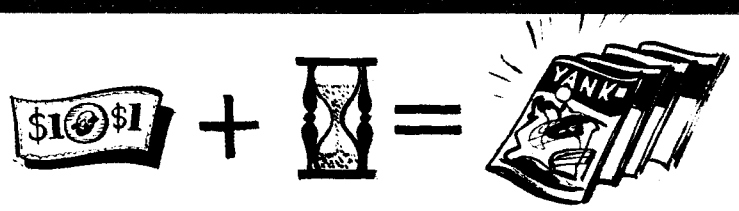

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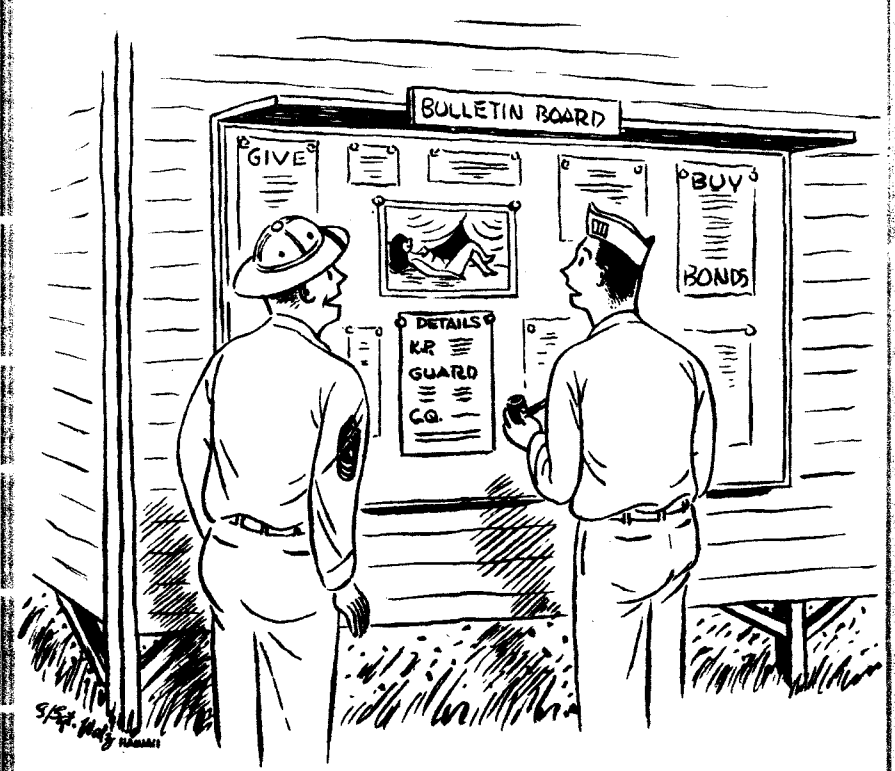

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